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HOT, WET AND HORNY!

TEN STUNNING SUMMER GIRLS STRIP NAKED INSIDE

BASIC INSTINCT STAR *SHARON STONE* BARES HER BOOBS!

THE HOME OF HORNY WOMEN

9 770955 181017

THIS MONTH IN CLUB

TEASE!

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I've decided to slow down for a while. Three months of rolling into the flat at four o'clock in the morning, dead drunk and with a squealing bimbo on each arm, started to piss the girlfriend off a little, you understand. I realised this when two seven-foot guys wandered into the Duke of Wellington at half past six last Thursday night and said wasn't it time that I went home, or did I want them to send my other half an apology signed in my own blood? Friends of hers, apparently. Very nice blokes, too, they let me keep my kneecaps and everything.

Still, it's good drinking a bit less — I've stopped seeing green, red and blue striped snakes crawling across the ceiling for a start. Spending time at home is nice as well: I've been catching up on all those simple domestic pursuits, like wondering why everyone on *Brookside* is so fucking miserable and swearing at Anne Robinson whenever she crops up on *Points of View*.

I've done a bit of photography as well — it's not up to the high standard of such maestro lensmen as Scott Evans and Jack 'I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles Out Of My Ears, Me' Harrison, of course, but reasonably stimulating nonetheless. I'm especially proud of the one showing the girlfriend, the three Siamese cats, two pairs of handcuffs and a varied selection of soft fruit. Unfortunately Club's legal supremo Bazza Brief says I can't print any of the photographs in the magazine, though he has taken the whole lot home for further consideration. I wonder why...

However, this insatiable drive to 'spend more time with the family' also means that I am the only person in the palatial Club HQ not to have seen *Basic Instinct*, which is a pity, because after spending a short hour or two inspecting Ms Stone's mouthwatering boobs (see page 40) I quite fancied it. Never mind, eh: Jasmine (page 43) has promised to act out a couple of the most crucial scenes from the movie for me in the privacy of the projector room. See you all next month... *The Editor.* ♣

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Joanne

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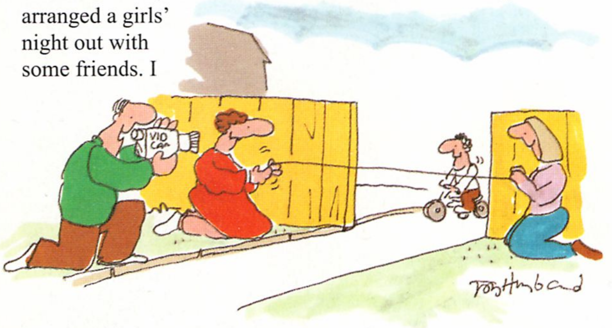
IN THE BAG

If you've been at it like a rabbit, then send your rampant ramblings to: In The Bag, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

Bizarre Affair

My boyfriend Carl and I have been living together for a couple of years now, and even though we still love each other, I have to admit that the sexual spark had gone out of our relationship.

He was going out with the lads after work, so I'd arranged a girls' night out with some friends. I knew we'd probably go to a club, and the idea that I might get some serious male attention was making me feel pretty randy!



If this doesn't get us on 'You've been Framed' nothing will

I put on some loud rock music while I got dressed — that always puts me in the mood to party! After a lot of parading in front of the mirror, I settled on my outfit for the night — a skintight black minidress, with nothing underneath except stockings and suspenders. Some girls say they don't wear knickers so they won't get a line under their clothes, but I just do it because it makes me feel really naughty!

As I stood dancing to the music and admiring myself in the mirror I was certain I'd meet a new guy that night. I fell back onto the bed, fondling my tits through my dress as I pretended I was being seduced by a total stranger. My pussy was juicing up, and all I could think about was getting fucked good and hard.

My cunt was aching to be filled with something big. Grabbing my vibrator from under the bed, I ran it all around my sticky pussy lips. I gasped aloud as the cold plastic slid between my pussy lips and into my hole. My cunt gripped it tightly, and I started thrusting it in and out, to the rhythm of the music.

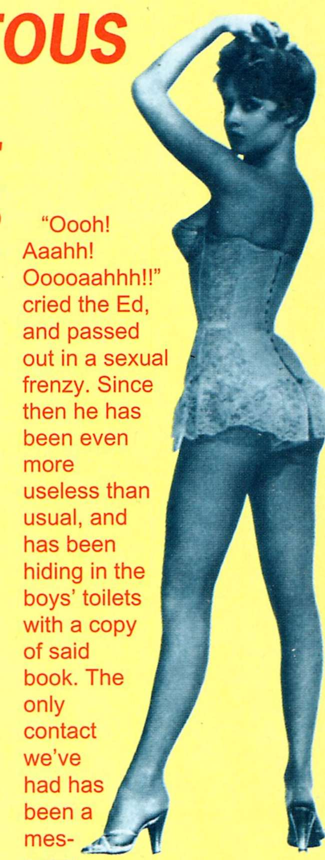
Before long I was coming hard, rolling around on the bed in ecstasy. Just as the horny sensations began to subside, I felt a hand stroke my pussy mound firmly. I was shocked and I would normally have cried out, but iinstead I came again!

I opened my eyes to see Carl grinning down at me. "I see you know how to enjoy yourself when I'm not here," he said. "You look really sexy like that, all dressed up and ready to fuck some lucky guy. How about me?"

My reply was to unzip his flies and release his cock. I'd fucked him hundreds of times before, but I was so horny I couldn't wait to get his meat inside me. He didn't even stop to undress, just pulled me onto my hands and knees and thrust his prick right up my cunt. Then he was fucking me, not slowly like he usually does, but with an urgency that let me know just how horny I'd made him. I rubbed my clit as he pumped into me, and after I'd come a couple of times he pulled his cock out and sprayed his hot spunk all over my bum.

I slumped on the bed and gasped after the best fuck I'd had in ages, but Carl hadn't had enough yet! "You don't get off that easy," he said. "Come and suck my cock!"

GRATUITOUS SAUCY PICTURE CORNER



The Ed seemed more than usually unbalanced the other day. "I've found her!" he screamed, foaming rabidly at the mouth and waving a book in his hand. "I've found the woman I want to spend the rest of my life with!" And with that he plonked a copy of *Madonna — The Style Book* on the desk.

It seemed that, up to the minute as ever, he had fallen for the conetitted one just as everybody else got bored with her. But no — he was even more out of date than that. "Look," he quivered, flicking through and stopping on a Madonna-less page. "Loo-oooo-k!" he dribbled, his finger lying on a picture of Bridgette Bardot, pouting film startlet of yesteryear.

"Oooh! Aaahh! Ooooaahhh!!" cried the Ed, and passed out in a sexual frenzy. Since then he has been even more useless than usual, and has been hiding in the boys' toilets with a copy of said book. The only contact we've had has been a message scrawled on bog paper insisting we print the pic in this and every other issue of Club. A small price to pay for some peace and quiet, we reckon. ♣

Dear Lynette,

I must admit I was very disappointed when I heard that you were to make your last appearance in Club (Vol 21 No 5), but what a great set of photographs you left us with! The fashion world's gain is our loss — but I hope you have time to answer one last letter before you go.

My fantasy goes like this: I'm working as a fashion buyer in Milan, and as I watch the troops of lovely girls on the catwalk, I'm amazed to see you modelling a low-cut, velvet dress. The audience gasps as you pace up and down, throwing your head back and giving out sexy looks.

After the show I go to your dressing room and knock on the door. You invite me in, and offer me a seat. I can hardly contain my excitement, as you're dressed in the same outfit in which you appeared in Club: sheer black lingerie and not much else! You sit opposite me, crossing and uncrossing your legs, and I start stammering out rubbish and going red as you sit there and stare at my crotch.

You then rise from your seat, and drop to your knees. "Don't say a word: I know what you're here for," you whisper, as you ease my zip down and release my cock. You eagerly run your tongue over my red bell-end, before engulfing my shaft with your lips and building up into an orgasmic rhythm.

I tell you that I'm near to coming and you move me onto my back on the floor, then ease your snatch over my stiff rod. I groan as I feel your love-hole gripping my cock, then we begin fucking like wild animals. Does that sound good?— **Peter, Stoke**

You bet, Peter! I think catwalk modelling is dead sexy: you've no idea how turned on I get when I'm doing it, knowing that all these blokes have naughty fantasies about getting into my Gianni Versace knickers! I'm off to Italy now, so wish me luck — I hope there are some guys over there who can turn me on as much as your letter did! — ***Lynette*** ♣

I had my head in his crotch in seconds! His cock was wet from my juices, and I felt really dirty sucking them off. He was still semi-hard, and in a few seconds I had him rigid again, taking his big knob right to the back of my throat.

He pushed me back onto the bed and told me to lift my legs up and back as far as I could. I did as I was told, pulling my knees right back next to my chest and opening up my wet pussy to him.

Carl stood and looked at me for a moment, and then told me not to move and left the room. He came back a second later with his camcorder!

"You were obviously ready for a dirty night, and that's what you're going to get!" he said. "Now, take that big vibrator and fuck yourself."

At any other time I would have felt embarrassed to do something like this, but this was the best evening of sex I'd had in years and I was too hot to stop now. As the machine whirred and Carl zoomed in on my open pussy, I pulled my lips apart and pushed the head of the vibro up my cunt.

"Go on, Susie, fuck yourself with it," said Carl as he came in closer with the camcorder. I slid the whole length in, then paused, twirling it around so I could feel the ridged edges right inside myself. Then I pulled it out and started to fuck myself with it hard. I had my ankles round my ears, my left hand playing with my clit and my right hand slamming a false cock up my cunt — I was in heaven!

"I'm going to come soon," I moaned. "Let me suck your cock while I come!"

Carl moved round so I could get his cock in my mouth, holding up the camcorder so it took in the whole scene. I fucked myself harder than ever and finally gave a muffled yell as I came, my cunt muscles clenching round the vibrator. Carl groaned and shot his load too: the first spurt went in my mouth, and then he pulled out and shot on my face and tits — and the camera was recording the lot!

We watched the tape three times that night, and each time it got us so turned on that we fucked again! The sight of me fucking myself

Continued on page 41

Photographs by Alan Gravener

EMMA

If new girl Emma looks like one of the naughtiest models to have appeared in Club this year, it's because she is. "I only lost my virginity two months ago," says the 19-year-old, "and now I know what I've been missing, I'm making up for lost time!

"I always used to dress quite demurely, but that's all changed:

now it's high heels, naughty knickers and short skirts that don't quite cover my stocking tops! I get looks wherever I go, and I just love it. Sometimes I even hitch up my skirt a little in public to give the passers-by a peek. There's only one guy who's got to see me totally nude, though — well, until now, that is!" ♣

gobble!

SECOND CUMMING!

Our veteran columnist **Nathaniel Fatbastard** has recently been promoted from 'Dead Person, Third Class' to 'Special Envoy From God'. Oh dear...

Of course, I suspected it all along, but now it's official: I am to be the next Messiah. As many women are aware, I've always had enormous powers in bed: no-one since Moses has been as handy with his rod when it comes to parting the Red C. Many a woman has described my ability to shag as a 'fucking miracle', and now they are going to get what they always beg for — a second coming!

Not that my talents lie with just curing the sexually frustrated. Oh no! Give me enough wine and I'll turn it into water — warm, yellow, smelly water, but not that much different than what comes out of the taps in Catford. And I dare say that if I was offered some crappy stale loaves and two fishes I could make them into enough Fillet-O-Cod burgers to feed five thousand — after all McDonalds manage!

Yes, that's right, as Lord God of God & Son plc told me in his top floor HQ, Sir Nathaniel Fatbastard is about to be the biggest prophet since British Telecom's half-yearly return.

"So, I'm the new son of God then," I said proudly to the Almighty. "When do I start... err, Dad?"

"Hang ay-bart, treacle!" said the cowboy builder of Creation. "You're not marrying into the bleeding family. You're just gonna be my assistant. I've always seen you as a good right-hand man."

He made a gesticulation like the bird with the beans in the Nescafe ad and roared with brandy-laced laughter.

"Understand, wanker? Now get into the FARTDIS!"

Now for the benefit of those readers who are about as regular as a constipated cat with a superglued sphincter, let me explain that FARTDIS stands for Fucking About With Relative Time Density in Space, and is the name of the machine envoys from God use to nip around the cosmos. Like the time machine in *Dr Poo* (BBC1 7.30 every third Thursday in July and August), it can change its shape to match its surroundings. In the Head Office of God & Son plc, it was masquerading as an MFI wardrobe.

As I stepped through the door, accidentally knocking off the integral tie rack, there was an amazing transformation. Although outwardly a cramped, shabbily built cupboard, once inside it was actually much, much smaller. I couldn't move or turn around and the cardboard belt from His fawn C & A polyester cavalry twills (all branches £12.99) was slapping me in the face.

"Oy!" I shouted. "I'm stuck!"

"Oh shit!" replied the Almighty in his infinite wisdom. "That actually *is* the wardrobe. The FARTDIS is over there... "

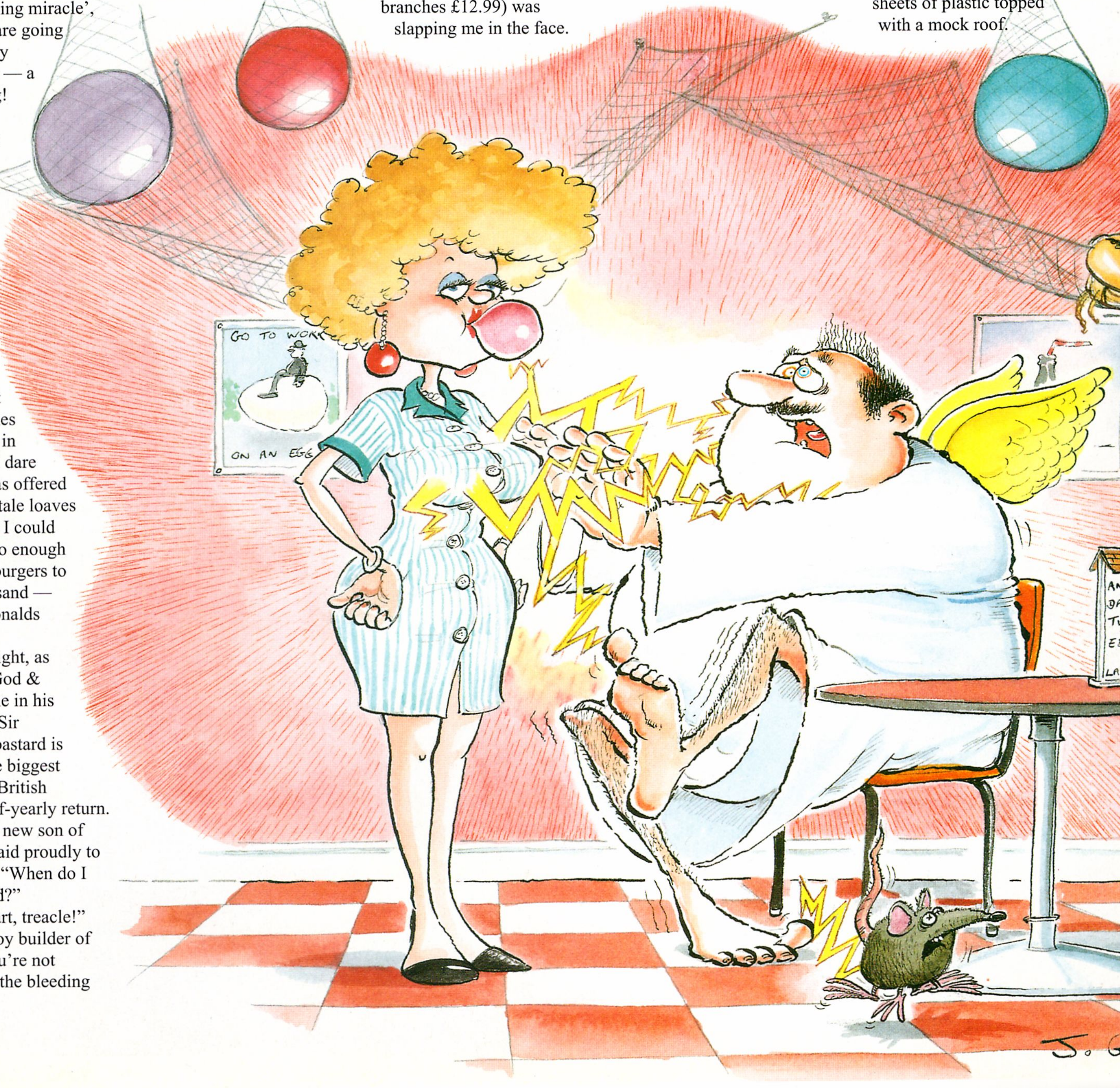
I cast off the tiny closet like a melanin overcoat and headed for His secretary Holly Ghost's scarlet filing cabinet (Ryman's £399.95), which was throbbing like a vibrator with new Duracells. Lord God pulled open two of the sliding compartments and told me to climb inside. It was easier than it sounds, but then I've never had any difficulty getting into a girl's drawers.

This time the difference was astounding. I found myself inside a large room decorated like a mid-seventies snack bar. Mock fishing nets with pink plastic lobsters and brightly coloured weights hung from the ceiling. A perspex dome containing a fake orange floating in a sea of sticky Suncrush squash (45p a lukewarm tumblerful) stood on a counter next to a sign proclaiming 'We Shake Milk'. Next to that a Gaggia expresso machine gushed water and steam like an incontinent sumo wrestler with wind.

Suddenly a voice boomed.

"How do you like the decor, Nat?" said my new boss. "I created it specially. I heard you fancied yourself as a bit of a food fiend. It's from the days when Wimpy bars were Wimpy bars, know what I mean? Make yourself at home."

I sat down at a table covered with a gingham-patterned sticky PVC tablecloth beside a tropical aquarium. Next to that a sticker tactlessly proclaimed 'Fish — the best dish!' I looked at the menu which was slotted between two sheets of plastic topped with a mock roof.



But instead of burgers, benders, crinkle cut chips, hot beverages, ices and minerals, the menu contained a list of suggested times and locations for our inter-stellar snack bar to travel to.

"Can I take your order, sir?"

A gum chewing, sullen-faced waitress in a tacky bri-nylon overall was standing next to me.

"I'm Kimberley Clark, your girl assistant," she said masticating her Wrigleys. "You know, the one that always falls over at the crucial time, spraining her ankle, and has to rest."

She was as dim as a 20 watt bulb but as easy to turn on, so I didn't argue.

"Okay," I replied, consulting the menu thoughtfully. "I think I'll plump for King Charles' time, trying to convince Nell Gwynne of the error of her ways."

I'd always fancied a suck on her juicy jaffas.

"Nell Gwynne's off!" Kimberley grunted. "And they didn't have a cure in those days."

"Oh, in that case, I'll opt for the Roman era, bringing the word of Christianity to a corrupt empire that loved orgies of food, drink and sexual perversion," I said licking my lips at the thought.

"Mmm, that'll be 65BC, sir," she said, ringing up the co-ordinates for our time travel with a kerr-chingg on a 1963 Adwel Cash Register (£19 15s 11d).

Plenty of time for a quickie on the red plastic bench seat, I thought, pulling her next to me. After a massive electric shock from the static on her nylon overall, I was just about to grab her boobs when... Wummmmppppp!!!

"We've landed, sir!" she said getting up immediately. Suddenly a television screen filled with scenes from *Ben Hur* (Charlton Heston 1954). Men were ripping each other apart with swords, vicious lions were eagerly devouring timid Christians, and speeding chariots armed with rotating swords liquidated and blended their opponent's horses.

"Great in-flight movie, Kim, but let's go straight to the orgy, huh?" I said.

"That's not a film, sir. It's the scene outside," she said impassively. "And you're not supposed to go to an orgy, as you now. The orders I have here clearly state that you show the power of your faith by defeating a ten foot male lion in the arena whilst I convert a centurion who's shagging me."

I thought long and hard about my new role in death.

"Oh fuck!" I said constructively.

Next month: Nathaniel Fatbastard finds a girl to fiddle with as Rome burns. ♣

ARSE FROM THE PAST

More bum notes in history unearthed by lifelong historians who like girls with nice bottoms. This month: how the rich got soaked during the Great Depression of the 1930s...

When it comes to great depressions there are few greater, or more sought after, than the one between a girl's bum cheeks. However, in the 1930s, even those with girls sitting on their faces had more than just arses on their mind. There was a massive financial crisis and for the first time in history, interest in bum-related commodities went down.

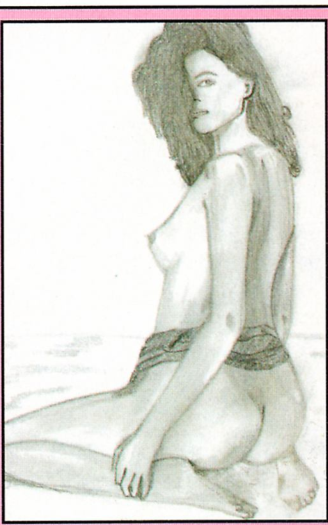
In the City, the bottom dropped out of the market completely and buttocks slumped to an all-time record low. Shares fell on Wall St, as did many bum-loving businessmen who hurled themselves out of windows at the bad news. In Germany sit-upon speculators pushed around wheelbarrows full of worthless Deutsch rumps desperately trying to exchange them for cash. Bott brokers all over the world who had handled taut tushes in the past started backing out of bum deals.

The slack bottom period lasted for almost five years, then thankfully, backsides perked up again. Now the FU Index is at a new high, and everyone is clamouring for arses.

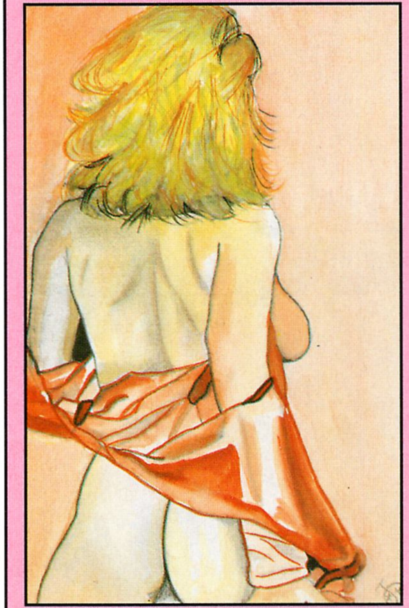
Government Wealth Warning to those investing in time in bed with a bint possessing a beautiful bum: please remember, bottoms can go up as well as down! ♣

GALLERY

Just when we thought it was safe to open the post, what do we find? Another poison pencil letter. This time it was a deeply ropy sketch of Lynette from Vol 21 No 3 (right), drawn by Mark from Milton Keynes. Mark describes himself as a post-impressionist (his impersonation of a first class stamp is uncanny). Clearly, though, he has a terrible grudge against Lynette. How else can you explain giving her flat size 10 feet and a triangular left buttock?



M Cooper of Chorley's effort isn't much better but at least he can afford crayons — well, at least two anyway. Rather wisely he doesn't say who this is meant to be but if you know a girl with one orange tit, then we guess that would be her. No wonder she turned her back on him.



If there are any other aspiring pencil-squeezers out there who have just learned to use a fat felt-tip with one hand, and want to show off their anatomical ignorance, don't hesitate to send us your work. Post them to *The Gallery* at the usual address, and please remember to mark your envelope "I'm so desperate to get into print I don't mind you insulting my work in front of thousands of people." ♣

Photographs by Joanie Allum

cute Kim

SHE'LL MAKE YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE!

Hi there, fellas, it's Kim here again, ready and waiting to fulfil all your naughtiest fantasies. This month I'm serving up a real treat for you all... as Mademoiselle Wetherby, the naughty French waitress!

You see, I've often eaten out in French restaurants, and I'm always amazed at how beautiful the girls look in their sexy outfits; so I've decided to give it a try for myself!

I rummaged around in my wardrobe and managed to find myself this really cute lace-up top that pushes my tits forward. What do you think, fellas? And I thought it would look good with my tightest black mini-skirt — you know,

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the one that rides all the way up my thighs!

Luckily for me, the restaurant isn't very busy tonight, so I let my skirt fall down to the floor, and as you can see, I'm wearing sheer stockings and naughty suspenders!

All this undressing is making me feel very randy, and as I lean back against a table I begin to slowly run a finger up the insides of my thighs. Mmm, that feels really good!

Now, I'm sure I don't need to tell you fellas what happens next, do I? I gently slip a finger inside my panties and give my aching clitty a sensual rub... Ooooh-la-la!

Thanks for sending in all your naughty letters, and remember if you have a long held fantasy, then why not write in and then just leave the rest up to me! Bye for now! ♣

If you want Kim to fulfil your fantasy, then write to her at: Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. She'll do what you ask!

letters to KIM

Dear Kim,
I can't believe the powerful reaction I had to your photographs. I've never had a lesbian experience (though when I masturbate I often fantasise about it), but after seeing you, you're the only woman I dream of. If in the past I ever doubted that I'd have sex with another woman, then those doubts have now gone.

My favourite fantasy is to have sweet, delicious and passionate sex with you. I want to kiss and caress you all over; to suck tenderly on your breasts and nipples, and then to kiss and lick my way down your tummy to your pussy. I want to breathe in your feminine fragrance and taste your nectar. I long to bury my pretty face between your creamy soft thighs and allow your petals to open up and your clitoris to grow rigid in my willing mouth.

Don't you think that looking down and seeing the face of a beautiful woman deliriously happy to be thrusting her tongue into your cunt is a deliciously dirty idea, Kim? — *Sandy, Kent*

I can't believe you've never made love to another woman, Sandy. It sounds as if you've spent ages longing for it. I must admit that after my first lesbian experience I felt completely satisfied — it really is a special thing. Of course I'll never give up men. I guess I love the feel of a chunky prick too much, but the sensation of an understanding girl's tongue in between my thighs, well that's pretty unbeatable too!

Dear Kim,
I'm a bit of a fitness freak and my fantasy involves being at the health club I frequently go to. I fantasise that the ladies' showers are temporarily closed, so consequently the men and women have to shower together. One afternoon I'm showering on my own except for a dense fog of steam.

I think I hear a light padding sound, but it's too steamy to see. I reach out for some soap, but instead find my hand coming to rest on a nipple! I turn around to see you, Kim, standing naked next to me. I expect a sharp scolding, but to my surprise you give me a coy smile. Your hand encourages mine to squeeze your firm breasts and erect nipples — I need no further prompting!

Then I feel your other hand stroke its way up my thigh and you release a sigh of lust when your hand reaches my erection. You slowly massage my balls and cock.

I run my hand up to your warm clit and thrust my fingers up into your hole. You take my length and position yourself over its throbbing head. I thrust myself up into you and you moan as we generate an orgasmic rhythm. You arch your back with pleasure as you climax and I lower my head to suck frantically on your breasts. What a work out, Kim! — *John, Lincoln*
Mixed showers — what a great idea, John! I imagine the health club would be very popular, though I reckon the owner wouldn't have to buy any gym equipment — I bet everyone would find their own special way to keep fit!

Dear Kim,
I'd love to have you come and work at my house as a live-in-maid. I'd make you wear a cute little frilly maid's outfit with no panties on underneath. In the morning you'd come into my master bedroom and give me a wake-up call. You'd crawl under the warm cosy bedcovers with me and your hand would reach for my cock. You'd slowly begin to wank me whilst whispering sweet nothings in my ear.

As I begin to wake you'd move your body over my stiff rod, open your pussy lips, then lower yourself down and begin to fuck me. How ideal to be woken by the beautiful and cute Kim making love to me like her life depended on it! So, do you think I could tempt you to come and be my maid? — *Ray, Swansea*
If you saw the state of my bedroom you wouldn't want to employ me as a maid! I have to pay my flat-mate to clean it up for me and things have been known to enter my bedroom and have never been seen since! Consequently I don't think I'd make a very good maid, though if it's any consolation I reckon I'd be brilliant at wake-up calls, Ray! ♣

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BAIL JUMPERS!

When it comes to cricket, **Maurice Short** is on a sticky wicket. He's crap. Still, that's never stopped him before...

Erica Roe: tits out for the Boys in Blue

Summertime and the livin' is easy. Slips are jumping and Beefy Botham is high. Yes, it's the season of "Cricket, lovely cricket. Bouncing balls and wiggling wicket."

This time last year, displaying all the prescience and foresight of a myopic hedgehog strolling out under the wheels of an approaching juggernaut, I predicted that the West Indies (nicknamed 'The Windies' due to a fondness for curried goat) would slaughter England (nicknamed 'The Windies' due to the effect fast bowling has on their gastric system).

Above, Bob Willis: Zzzzzzz! Right, Derek Randall: the writing's on the boundary

Not to put too fine a point on it, I was completely wrong. In fact, my prediction proved to be about as relevant to unfolding events as that moment before games in Australia when Tony Greig, clad in a green blazer, prods his little dibber into the turf and pronounces on the "players' comfort level" (eight pints of lager and a bucket of chicken madras in the case of our lads).

To avoid a similar debacle this season I decided to consult three of the game's best loved experts; Henry Oddjob and Geoff Gobsmacked of BShiteB and Brian Bonkers of BBC Radio Twee. Here is their assessment of England's current series against Pakistan:

Short: What do you think of the Tourists?

Oddjob: Marvellous, my dear old thing! I thought *So Good To Be Back Home Again* was a super single. And, of course, Annie Lennox and Dave Stewart went on to form The Eurythmics. Wonderful champers! Have another glass, hic!

Gobsmacked: That is absoloootly stuuuuuuuuupid!

Bonkers: Hahoha! Yes, but you know they've lost their opening batsman. The tour manager caught him in his room playing nude leap-frog with a group of ladies. Sent him home for making several ducks and a goose! Hahohoohoo! Slice of choccers cake, Shorters?

Short: Erm, no thank you. I know the question most of my readers will want an answer to concerns Javed Miandad, Pakistan's wayward batting star. Do you think he's several tandoori drumsticks short of a full takeaway?

Bonkers: Hoohee! Not sure, old boy. But the off-spinner recently had a paternity suit slapped on him by a young lady from Blackpool.

Oddjob: What were the grounds?

Bonkers: Lords, The Oval and behind the pavilion at Taunton. Weehaheehohoho, just joking. Gorgeous shampoo! Let's open another!

Gobsmacked: Ridiculous, that is! Really, really stupid!

Bonkers: I say, Odders, I do hope we get another streaker this year.

Oddjob: What ho! Remember the one who ran on absolutely starkers except for two small pieces of glass across her nipples?

Bonkers: Of course! She was charged with making a spectacle of herself! Hoohahooheeho! Piece of Dundee cake, Shorters? Shorters?... Shorters?... Where has he got to?

● The "informed" chuntering of these three addled old codgers may not have cast much light on the Test Series, but it did provide me with food for thought. (And the Ed with the perfect excuse for covering my column with pictures of scantily clad nymphettes.) Incidentally, streaking at cricket matches is by no means a modern phenomenon. According to *Carr's Dictionary of Extraordinary English Cricketers* the first recorded cricket streaker unveiled her talents during a game at Spitalfiends in the 1760s. Her name was Black Bess of the Mint, she was a prostitute and she enlivened a dull passage of play by running a race around the pitch against "a low person of Stepney", while "wearing no drawers". History does not name the victor, but doubtless on the day the game was the only winner.

● On the subject of rude things on the pitch, Derek Randall once got into trouble with the England selectors for occupying his time in the outfield during a test match at Headingley by using the studs of his boot to engrave a four letter word on the turf. Nobody can confirm what the word was, but rumour has it

WIN A MILLION VIDEOS!

Well, nearly. Thirteen, actually, but it's better than last month when we had fuck all. Check out this little lot...

For starters in this freebie feast, there's a package of tapes from Troma, the US studio that gave you *Toxic Avenger* and *Chopper Chicks in Zombietown*. Those fluffy, friendly but slightly smelly people at Troma have given us three tapes to give away: *Rabid Grannies, Troma's War* and *The Toxic Avenger Part II*. Actually, we thought only three tapes was pretty tight of them, but the PR had a sexy voice so we didn't say anything. Anyway, they're all total crap and great fun.

For the main course, we have five copies of *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.*, a cult TV series in the 60s now released on video by MGM/UA. It's the one with the opening sequence with lots of doors in it, and that guy with a radio in his shoe. We think. It's probably quite good, anyway.

Pudding is the piece de resistance: five copies of *The Lover's Guide 2*, the extremely rude sequel to the tape that launched a thousand hard-ons last year. The last one sold out: people said they were buying it because it was so sensitive, loving, educational etc etc etc, but in fact they bought it 'cos it's full of couples bonking and you can see absolutely everything!

So how do you win this veritable video banquet? Easy! Just finish this sentence in not more than ten pages: I think Napoleon Solo and a Rabid Granny should be

THE MAN FROM
U.N.C.L.E.
ROBERT VAUGHN as Napoleon Solo
DAVID McCALLUM as Illya Kuryakin
HE GAZEBO IN THE MAZE AFFAIR with GEORGE SANDERS and BONNIE FRANKLIN
THE YUKON AFFAIR with GEORGE SANDERS
PG
MGM/UA

that it was something which is always likely to make your wicket sticky.

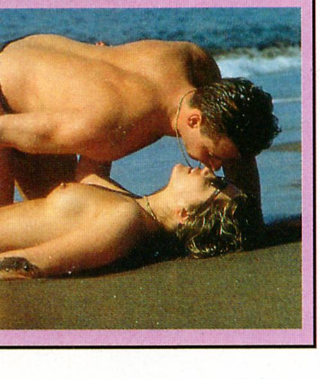
- Great Mysteries of Cricket (1): Why can't Richie Benaud say the word "nought"? He says, "No score", "Without scoring", "Without troubling the scorer"; but never "nought". Is it psychological, or does he just have some weird speech impediment?

- Great Mysteries of Cricket (2): According to Fred Trueman batting these days is easier because of covered wickets and the front foot no ball law. Bowling is also simpler because the modern ball retains its shine for longer and has a prominent seam. However, since cricket is a contest between batsman and bowler it is impossible for it to be easier for *both*. Is "Fiery" Fred teasing us with a philosophical paradox, or is he just a daft old bugger?

- Great Mysteries of Cricket (3): Is Bob Willis naturally so boring, or do they inject him with tranquillizers before allowing him in front of the microphone? ♣

in *The Lover's Guide* because...

Send your entry on a piece of soft fruit, or a postcard if you must, to Rabid Uncle Lovers, 2 Archer St, London W1V 7HE. And yes, we know you all want *The Lover's Guide*, but you'll have to take your chances, it's a tough world you know. ♣



diana

Photographs by Kate Ferris

"Bloody hell! Who's this girl, and why haven't I seen her before?" yelled the Ed when these pics of Diana Cooper dropped on his desk. Regular readers, which the Ed obviously isn't (CSE grade 5 English, Battersea Comprehensive) will know he was talking crap as usual: Diana in

fact appeared in Club in October last year. Still, he could be forgiven for the mistake. Diana was a pretty lady back then, but now she's turned into a stunner.

"Perhaps I'm just a late developer," smiles 23-year-old Diana demurely. "I suppose I am a bit curvier and firmer, but I don't think

there's that *much difference." Has she been doing lots of exercise to tone up her body? "Well, I've got a new boyfriend and he's got a very good imagination, if you know what I mean, so I've been getting in plenty of exercise in the bedroom! I think that's what keeps my eyes sparkling as well. I never look as bright-eyed as when I've just been fucked — and when these pictures were taken that's what had happened!"* ♣

alison

Photographs by Scott Evans

There's no doubt that Alison is the dirtiest bank clerk we've ever featured in Club, and after seeing the naughty 19-year-old in the flesh for ourselves, we can certainly guarantee that she'll raise more than just your interest.

"I sit behind a counter all day, so nobody gets the chance to see my legs," complains Alison, running her hand up the inside of her thighs, "so I thought posing in Club would

give me the ideal chance to show them off.

"I normally wear stockings and suspenders at work, but you'd never be able to tell. Anyway if a good looking fella wants to see my legs he only needs to ask," reveals Alison, "after all, I'm the girl who's only too happy to say 'yes'!" ♣

motoring

VVVRRREEEEE!

What is the future of motoring? **Horst Pipe**, our man in the XR3i with the go-faster stripes, thinks he knows. Tragic, really.

I have seen the future, and it's small. So small it makes a Mini look massive, but so lively it makes a GTi feel sluggish.

It has a weeny 659cc three-cylinder engine which sounds like a sewing machine on sulphate, but don't think it's fit only for girlies: redlining at a dizzying 8,000rpm, it's equipped with a quadvalve cylinderhead, an intercooler and a turbocharger.

In Japan it has a cult following amongst gadget-mad miniaturists who know that size doesn't matter, because it's got all the goodies you usually find on big cars — power steering, leccy windows etc etc — plus a few you don't. Would you believe wipers which start automatically when it rains, and lights which come on when it's dark?

This future is called the Daihatsu Leeza Oxy-R, a completely crap name, but believe me it runs rings round the rest. If you could try one you'd buy one. But you can't: in Japan you can get one for Mini money, over here you can't get one at all.

In fact, there's a number of tasty Daihatsus which aren't ours for the asking — Oxy-R, Mira, and Opti, to name just three. It's official: we're now a deprived nation, thanks to the Gentlemen's Agreement which keeps Rover afloat by denying us access to the best Japan has to offer.

● We all know the American car industry isn't exactly in a boom right now, and we'd expect General Motors, builders of the world's most boring cars, to be suffering along with the rest. But how much suffering can a company take?

Last year GM lost *£79 per second*, amounting to a total of £2,500,000,000. As some old perv once said, to lose one billion pounds can be regarded as a misfortune; to lose two and a half of them looks like carelessness.

And a pensioner is to bear the brunt of the loss: ex-Chairman Roger Smith has had his pension slashed to a paltry $1,000,000 a year.

Still, perhaps we shouldn't worry too much on GM's account. In the boom years of the mid to late 80s, they had bigger cash reserves than France, which in practice meant they could have bought the country lock, stock and barrel. To their eternal credit — they didn't.

Modena 250GT: £30k, 425hp, 145mph; not bad, eh?

● But if GM are careless, Ford are just plain stupid. After saying seven years ago that they'd never launch a Granada Estate because nobody wants one, they've admitted that they're finally doing it now because they're fed up being pestered by customers who — er — do.

● And there's good and bad news for any old saddies who still mourn the death of the 2CV. The good news is the launch of a 100mph vegetarian car which can run on olive oil; the bad news is that it's a Mercedes, so buyers will need to sell a lot of tofu-burgers and Bangawayatafani prayer mats before they can afford the whopping £27,000 needed for the privilege of having a car that can be refueled at the local deli.

● So much for the Germans: if you thought the Swiss were too sensible for their own good, check out their new Monteverdi Hai, yet another stunningly stupid '200mph supercar'. (It seems everyone's building them these days, but have you ever seen one?) Like the others, it's powered by a Formula One engine developing hundreds of bhp and will sprint from 0-125mph in less than eight seconds. Well, that's useful: driving through a country the

Daihatsu Leeza Oxy R: sounds like a sewing machine on sulphate

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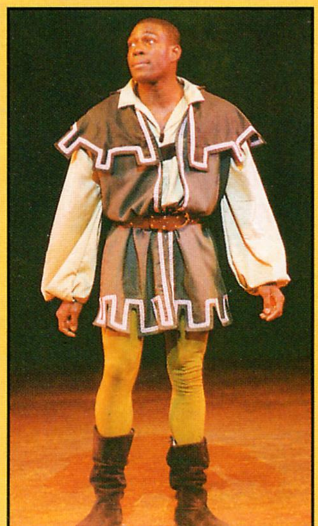
campaign

IT'S A K.O!

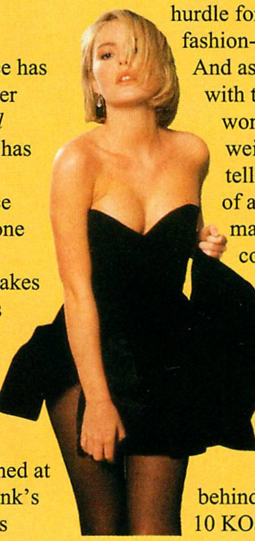
Britain's heavyweight hope Frank Bruno seems to have trouble finding a credible opponent. The **Club Campaign** comes to the rescue!

He's the boxer with the nuclear uppercut, the booming bass voice and a pantomime season in Southend-on-Sea. If anyone can bring the World Heavyweight title home to Britain it's Big Frank.



But what chance has the Brown Bomber against some *real* fighters? Indeed, has our best loved heavyweight since Hattie Jacques gone soft?

Every time he takes to the ring, sports writers everywhere put the cuddly contender on the ropes with a volley of jabs aimed at the quality of Frank's opposition. In this month's *Campaign* we aim to put the record straight and find five fighters to mix it with Frank. Boxing expert Barney 'The Loser' Eastgate guides you through some possible contenders.



Patsy Kensit

Surely the only Patsy equipped to take Big Frank a full ten rounds. A wardrobe brimming with designer dresses that leave the stunning actress decent by half an inch would present a stiff hurdle for 16-stone fashion-lover Frank. And as anyone familiar with the cut-and-thrust world of heavyweight boxing will tell you, in the heat of a bout there's not many men can compete with what Patsy's husband Jim Kerr keeps in his kecks.

Sonic the Hedgehog

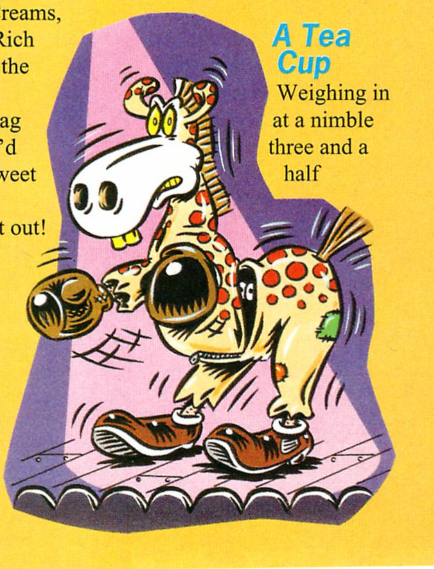
With tremendous form behind him (13 fights: 10 KOs, 2 draws and a disappointed kid who sent him back because he wanted Super Mario Brothers instead) this quick-fire fighter has a mean right hook that really seems to come from nowhere. A prickly opponent for any boxer, but if he manages to catch him, Bruno stands a good chance of flattening the one-inch high video graphic.

A Paper Bag

Although prone to bragging, being full of air has not stopped the six-inch square Paper Bag from containing some of the game's toughest cookies, including a whole packet of Bourbon Creams, two Digestives and Rich Tea. Often touted as the Big Pink and White Striped Hope, The Bag holds more than you'd think and carries a sweet right that could take Frank's teeth straight out!

Dobbin 'The Pantomime' Horse

Bruno's been up against this guy before, in the prize-winning production of *Frank and the Beanstalk* at Bridlington Spa (some tickets still available, priced £4, £8 and £12. Book early to avoid disappointment). The veteran of 17 summer seasons and one-time stunt-mammal in *White Horses*, Dobbin has a questionable chin made, as it is, out of papier maché and hessian, but he's always good box-office so his staying power and popularity could easily upstage rookie performer Bruno. If the six-foot topless jabber and this four-legged friend ever get to swap some leather, the results could be disastrous for Frank's fighting career.



A Tea Cup

Weighing in at a nimble three and a half size of Switzerland you'd be over the border before you found second gear.

Or rather you would if the car was legal there, but it's not. For some ludicrous 'enviromental' reason, the sensible Swiss are set to become the only nation in the world to ban the cars built by what is in effect their entire domestic car industry. Full marks, guys.

● Looking at the MGB, I can't help wishing we could do the same. The most overrated car ever built, Britain's best-loved sports car was in fact little more than a Morris Marina without the benefit of a back seat. Half a million were sold, the car quickly becoming the preferred conveyance of the string-backed glove-wearing classes.

It was bad enough then, but this time they're really taking the piss: the 'B' is going back into production, and it will cost almost as much as the veggie Merc - and let's face it, that's a lot of money to spend just to let other road users know you're a wanker. *(That's the way, Horst — end on a chunk of bile – Ed.)* ♣

ounces, the Tea Cup will have to do some serious drinking to make the weight. But the Cup is no push-over, presenting a sturdy one-and-a-quarter-inch base of solid Denby Stonewear and a deceptively rigid one-arm technique. I've seen this fella sparring with a Hornsea Pottery milk jug twice his size and believe me, only a fool would be taken in by his cool, inanimate stance and delicate floral design.

So there you have it — five worthy contenders for Frank Bruno's crown, each of them a proven winner in his field and ready to come out fighting. Now it's up to the men with the money to arrange a purse for what could be billed as the bout of the century, and, of course, Big Frank himself to crush the rumours and prove he can still knock the skin off a rice pudding. Unfortunately, The Rice Pudding has an injured hand. ♣

LUCY

Photographs by Scott Evans

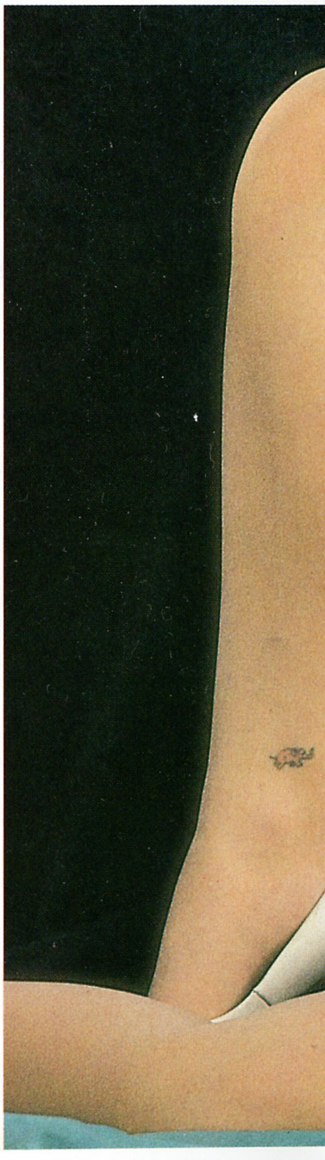
Just how popular can one woman be? That's the question that begs to be asked... and lovely Lucy Halloran — our Girl of the Year — is still no closer to an answer!

"I can't believe that you fellas wrote me so many letters," purrs the raunchy redhead. "But please don't stop, I read every single one — and you really are a randy lot!

"I decided to go out and celebrate in style when I heard I was going to be in Club," reveals Lucy. "I got together with my girlfriends and we all went out on the town.

"We started off in a fancy French restaurant, and I insisted on having oysters and champagne," she giggles. "Then I put on my dancing shoes, and we headed off to my favourite nightclub where my friends had laid on a special surprise — a male stripper!

"I think the poor guy got more of a shock that I did when he saw me," laughs Lucy. "It turns out he'd seen me in the mag, and let's just say that he wasn't the only one doing the stripping off by the end of the night!" ♣



In her rudest interview ever, the sex-bomb star of *Basic Instinct* gets intimate with Club reporter **Tom Funnell** — and we showcase some of her naughtiest movie moments...

sharon stone

> ***'There is explicit nudity in Basic Instinct – and I couldn't wait to do it!'***

"You know that I don't wear underwear, don't you?" purrs *Basic Instinct* star Sharon Stone to Michael Douglas, her lips within licking distance of her co-star. But Michael isn't the only one that knows the secret. Ten minutes into the film the audience is treated to a worm's eye view of Sharon's muff, courtesy of a low angle shot, as she crosses her legs in a mini-dress.

The upskirt flash was Sharon's idea — though she wasn't quite prepared for how revealing it turned out to be. Not that she's a prude. Five minutes into filming the sex scenes she removed her crotch pad (designed to spare her blushes on set) and declared, "Let's stop pretending: I'm nude, we all know. Let's get on with it."

> ***'I try to lie on my back wearing sheer black lingerie as often as possible'***

Left: those funbags in full! Sharon Stone baring all in Irreconcilable Differences

Basic Instinct has some of the rudest sex scenes since *Last Tango in Paris*. Sharon plays a bi-sexual novelist whose lovers have a habit of dying in the same way as the characters in her books. Michael Douglas plays the cop assigned to follow her, who ends up nailing her — in bed. "Catherine is a viper," says Stone of her character, "and she uses her sexuality to manipulate people."

In the flesh Sharon has the most compelling of faces. It's perfect and angular — almost too perfect, like it's been carved by some geometry freak. Her complexion hugs her cheekbones without a millimetre of flesh to spare. It has the ability to appear both beautiful and boring. From one angle she looks almost plain, and at another simply stunning. You find yourself staring at her, wondering how anyone can look this good.

By the way, she has a fabulous pair of tits too — as you can see...

Despite her reservations about the muff shot, Sharon is very forthright in her views about sex in the cinema. "Too many Hollywood sex scenes are so soft," she complains. "I fell for the story as soon as I saw the script. I wasn't afraid of doing sex scenes that were raw, hard and violent."

In the film she's described as the 'fuck of the century'. And after watching her in action you can't help but wonder what really went on.

"Listen, I have a four minute sex scene with Michael in which I have three orgasms," she laughs. "What does that tell you?"

Sounds like fun...

"I know people won't believe me," she says, "but I made love to him for a whole week on set. The sex scenes were the least spontaneous parts of the whole movie."

Sharon was born in a small town, Meadville in Pennsylvania, where she won several beauty competitions. She started to dabble in films and was seen briefly in Woody Allen's *Stardust Memories* and a clutch of other less accomplished productions. She remembers her early, difficult days in Tinseltown.

"When I first got there I got an interview with a producer. He took me into his office and said that he could make me a star. Then he unzipped his trousers... I haven't laughed so loud in my life!"

She also relates a story about a former boyfriend who was somewhat taken aback by her behaviour when she threw herself across the bonnet of a car, spread herself and declared, 'Take me, I'm your tramp.' "He didn't think it was very funny. A pity, huh?"

As well as a sense of humour, Sharon has a very strong sense of self worth. Hollywood soon found out that Sharon, although blonde,

was far from being a bimbo.

"I have a vagina and a point of view," she states, "that's a deadly combination in this business."

This attitude made her perfect for the role in *Basic Instinct*, which had been turned down by a lot of big name actresses because of the sex content.

"There is explicit nudity in *Basic Instinct*. But it is honest and I couldn't wait to do it," says Stone, who appeared as Arnold Schwarzenegger's wife in *Total Recall*.

Sharon is a little taken aback at the publicity she is getting for taking her clothes off. "I've taken my top off in three films before and nobody noticed!" she moans.

Michael Douglas isn't the only one she humps either. As part of the bi-sexual nature of the character, Sharon also beds a girl, played by Leilani Serelle. How did Sharon feel about doing the lesbian scenes?

"I talked to Leilani a lot before we did them. I told her my view was that these women loved each other and that love is love whether it's between a man and a man or two women and she agreed."

And what about her own attitude towards sex?

'I wasn't afraid of doing sex scenes that were raw.'

"I always try to lie on my back wearing sheer black lingerie as often as possible," she teases. "I suppose some of the celebrities with whom I've had wild sexual encounters will tell you that."

Turning serious once again, Sharon is quick to put you right on a few things about her off-screen behaviour. "I'm disciplined. I'm not into drugs. I don't drink, and I'm not promiscuous."

In fact she's so cheesed off with men at the moment that she's taking time off from relationships.

"No-one comes up to scratch at the moment. I don't believe in casual sex, so you can guess the rest," she says. "Masculine men seem to be an endangered species these days. The problem is that the men I meet are just after a good night out. Who needs a good night out?"

At which point a million Club readers, plus one reporter, scream 'I do!' ♣

IN THE BAG

continued from page 5

and sucking Carl's cock got me very turned on, but even dirtier was the sounds I was making, which the camcorder had picked up!

My friends told me they had a great night out — but I had the horniest time I've had in ages without even leaving my bedroom! — *Susie, Luton*

More, More, More!

My name is Kay and I'm 32 years old. I'm happily married, but I have sex with lots of different men, with the full consent of my husband. He finds it a turn on when I tell him about the positions I was in while other men were fucking me, and it gets me very hot to have another man's cock inside my pussy.

I'm a sales manager, and I'm very attracted to young executive types. I socialise a lot because of my job, and as I've got a sexy, curvaceous body there's no shortage of men who want to fuck me. It's an added incentive for them to know I'm married.

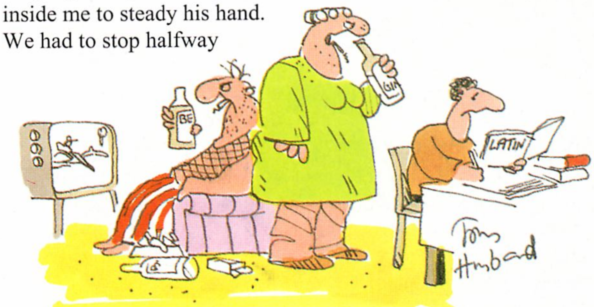
Last Tuesday was typical for me. I had to make a visit to one of our offices, and while I was there I was introduced to a sales rep called Jim. I knew I wanted him the moment we met. I am always direct about everything I do, so I drifted into an isolated corner as we were talking, perched on the edge of a desk and parted my thighs, letting my skirt ride up. That way he could see the black lacy knickers I had on.

Soon he turned a bit red and ran out of things to say. I looked him straight in the eyes, opened my thighs even more and slowly ran my hand up my leg to my cunt. He finally got the message. "Do you want to go somewhere private?" he asked.

"Yes, I want you to screw me now," I told him. We went to a hotel I know: when we got to the bedroom I stripped and knelt on the bed so he could fuck me from behind, which I love. Then we sent down to room service for razors and I made him shave my pussy. I love it when men do that to me: it felt incredible as he stroked the razor over my mound, keeping a couple of fingers inside me to steady his hand. We had to stop halfway through because I couldn't wait for him to fuck me again. Then I sucked his cock until it was hard again. After he had fucked me a third time I made Jim wank all over my tits, and then take photos of me with the polaroid camera I'd brought along.

When I went back home I told my husband what Jim had done to me, and showed him the photographs of me licking Jim's come off my nipples. He spread the photographs on the pillows of our bed and fucked me from behind while we both looked at them.

I know I'm very lucky to have a husband who encourages me to fuck whoever I want. It excites us both and gives us a great sex life. — *Diane, Windsor*



God, if only you knew what a disappointment you are to me and your father

First Foursome

My name is Dean and I want to tell you about my recent introduction to group sex. My girlfriend Michelle and I live together and enjoy a good sex life, though like many settled couples our routine has become a little ordinary. The other night this all changed when our friends Helen and Rick came over for dinner.

Helen is a beautiful blonde with a slim body. She has huge firm tits that she loves

continued on page 98

ENCYCLOPAEDIA TITTANICA

Yet another volume of our private part-work on Great Mammaries of the World. This time, pert turned-up ones...

Retroussee tits, don't you just love them! Whilst some people long to fondle a forty-plus pair of funbags, the more civilised amongst us prefer the small firm type. With needle-sharp nipples that manage to be both pinky and perky simultaneously, small ones are more juicy and easier to peel. What's more the boobs that put the tit in petit are completely self-supporting and don't have to spend the day behind bras, so you won't be held-up by worse underwiring than a Birmingham bedsit every time you fancy a feel.

The way they rub against thin blouses or tee-shirts is one of the best sights of summer. They can be spotted all over the country as the weather warms up, parks and promenades being their natural habitat. Do be careful when handling these particular tits, however. They are more sensitive than most, and watch out for the nipples as they could give you a sharp prick. In fact, we got a sharp prick just looking at these. *(Ho effing ho — Ed).* ♣

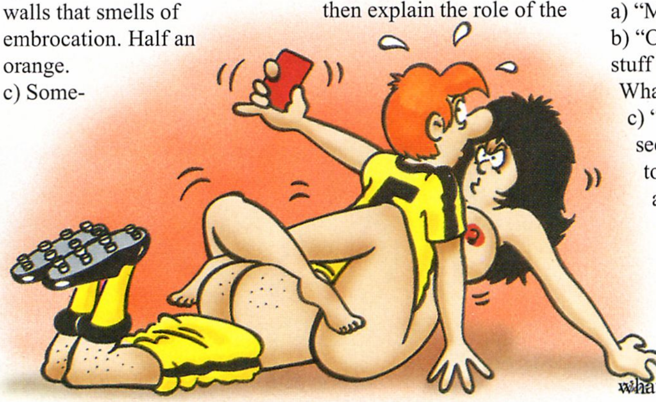
SCORE DRAWERS!

Could you be a soccer superstar? Find out with our quizmaster, **Bob Comfy-Jersey.**

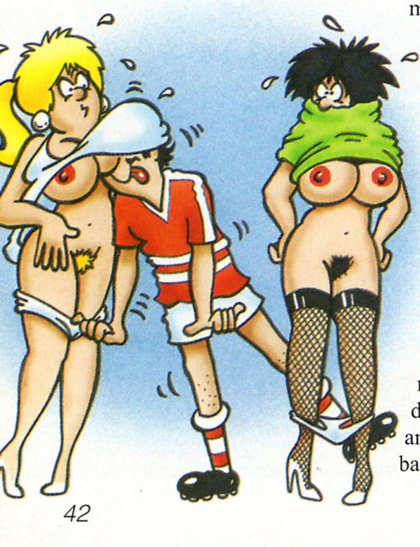
At one time being a footballer meant trotting out on Saturday afternoon, sticking one home, then jumping in a bath with all your mates. Nowadays, soccer stars are on parade 24 hours a day, and the way a player behaves off the field is more important than the way he plays on it. That's why teams are prepared to give a youngster a chance, even if he's got all the soccer know-how of a slug. It worked for Geoff Thomas, but could it work for you? Read on and find out!

1) You're at Peter Rope-A-Bloke's Disco in London. You spot some Page 3 girls dancing round their handbags and you want to impress them. What do you do?
a) Point at their tits, shout, "Now that's what I call a pair of strikers!" then dive into the nearest cleavage and go "Mmmmubaduba".
b) Run up to them and chip the nearest hand bag into the ladies' cloakroom.
c) Tell them how much you detest their exploitation by a male-dominated society.
d) Drink ten pints of malibu and coke, then wave your car keys in front of your flies.

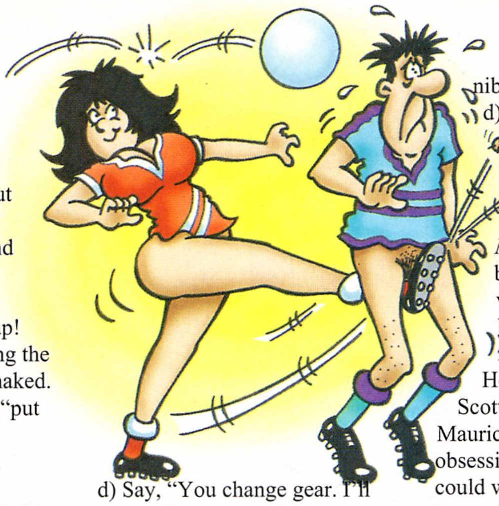
2) Won over by your charm and wit, Sharon agrees to join you for a meal. She asks you to choose. Where do you go and what do you eat?
a) Somewhere warm, soft and squishy. Melons, mousse and mmubadubaduba!
b) Somewhere with tiled walls that smells of embrocation. Half an orange.
c) Somewhere un-phallocentric, preferably a lesbian run co-operative specializing in hi-fibre dishes. Spicy beans.
d) Somewhere with leather seats and a steering wheel. Tortilla chips, lager and anything else you can eat while speeding down a side street at 120mph.



3) After dinner Sharon whispers in your ear that she'd like to go somewhere for coffee. What do you do?
a) Take her back to your place, dim the lights, put on the percolator and ask if she'd like frothy milk. When she says yes, stick your head up her blouse and go mmmmubadubaduba!
b) Take her to the cafe at Brisbane Road when Orient are at home.
c) Point out to her, firmly but non-violently, that coffee is produced in Third World countries where the workers are exploited by the rich western nations, then ask if she'd prefer some de-caffeinated nettle tea instead.
d) Swerve off the road and crash through the back wall of an OAP's bungalow and into the kitchen. When an old lady appears, wind down your electric window and shout, "Put the kettle on grandma, then bugger off. Me and her want to be alone."



4) Things are hotting up! You return from making the coffee to find Sharon naked. She commands you to "put her in your favourite position." How do you respond?
a) Say "mmubadubaduba!", then get in amongst her front duo with a stiff tackle.
b) Say, "I bet you're great on the ground, but you're too short to play centre-half," then explain the role of the sweeper in a catenaccio system.
c) Say, "Don't you realize that you're helping to perpetuate a dominant male stereotype!" Then ask her to fart so as to undermine the Hollywood concept of femininity.
d) Say, "You change gear. I'll steer with my feet." Then leap over onto the back seat.



5) During sex, Sharon begs you to talk to her. What do you say?
a) "Mmmmmubadubaduba!"
b) "Oh! I say! Marvellous stuff on the edge of the box! What a goooaaaaalll!"
c) "I realise that it would seem like a male ego trip to attempt to bring you to an orgasm, so I won't bother."
d) "Oh shit! We're going to hit that tree."

6) After the lovemaking is over what do you do?
a) Stick your head out of the window and take a series of deep breaths.
b) Do a lap of honour round the house waving Sharon's bra in the air.
c) Point to your "This is a non-smoking house" sticker and recommend that she nibbles a raw carrot.
d) Say, "OK officer, I'll breathe into the bag."

SCORING

Mainly As: Not a bad effort. But I worry that your ball control might not be up to it. However, if you're Scottish and called Maurice, then your obsession with breasts could well earn you a contract with Everton. Mmmmdubadubaduba!
Mainly Bs: Oh dear. A one track mind. I'm afraid you just don't have the discipline needed for today's game. Could a chap like you take the rigours of modern soccer: making crap pop records, wearing false breasts on 'Wogan', or being beaten up in dodgy night clubs?
Mainly Cs: Interesting... with your 'with it' political views you are the sort of soccer star who gets interviewed by the *NME* and talks about modern art on *The Late Show*. In fact, you're just the sort of lad that Chelsea have been looking for since Pat Nevin left.
Mainly Ds: Footballers are supposed to be people that the youngsters can look up to. Men who carry themselves with dignity both on and off the field. You've got what it takes! A contract is yours to sign at one of North London's greatest clubs! ♣

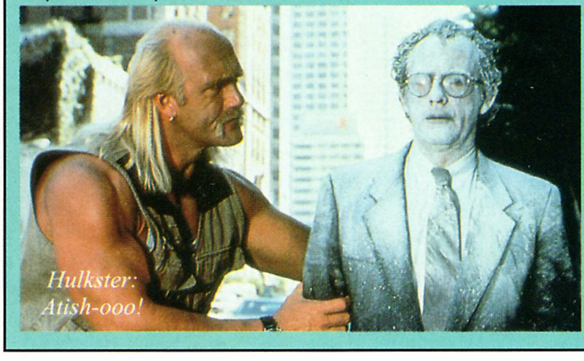
THE HULKSTER

Oh-dear, talk about bad timing... This month not only sees the release on video of Hulk Hogan's cartoon series and his feature film debut in *Suburban Commando* — but the retirement of the WWF champion due to his highly publicised use of cocaine!

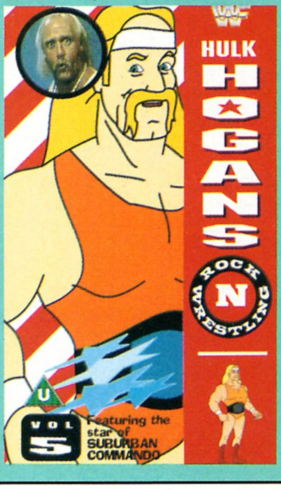
Up until now Hulk's superhuman powers, wild-eyed mannerisms and crazy antics were thought to be the result of youthful exuberance; but now it seems that Mr Hogan had half of Columbia's staple export up each nostril.

The Hulkster, shown below after a particularly heavy sneeze, promises that his kiddie-toon tapes are 'wild shows *loaded* with action'. But remember, kids, don't try to copy Hulk at home!

After due consideration our film critic pronounced the vids 'utter shite', but it's worth watching the man-mountain on *Superstars of Wrestling* (3am, Saturday nights) to have a good old belly laugh at someone else's expense. ♣



Hulkster: Atish-ooo!

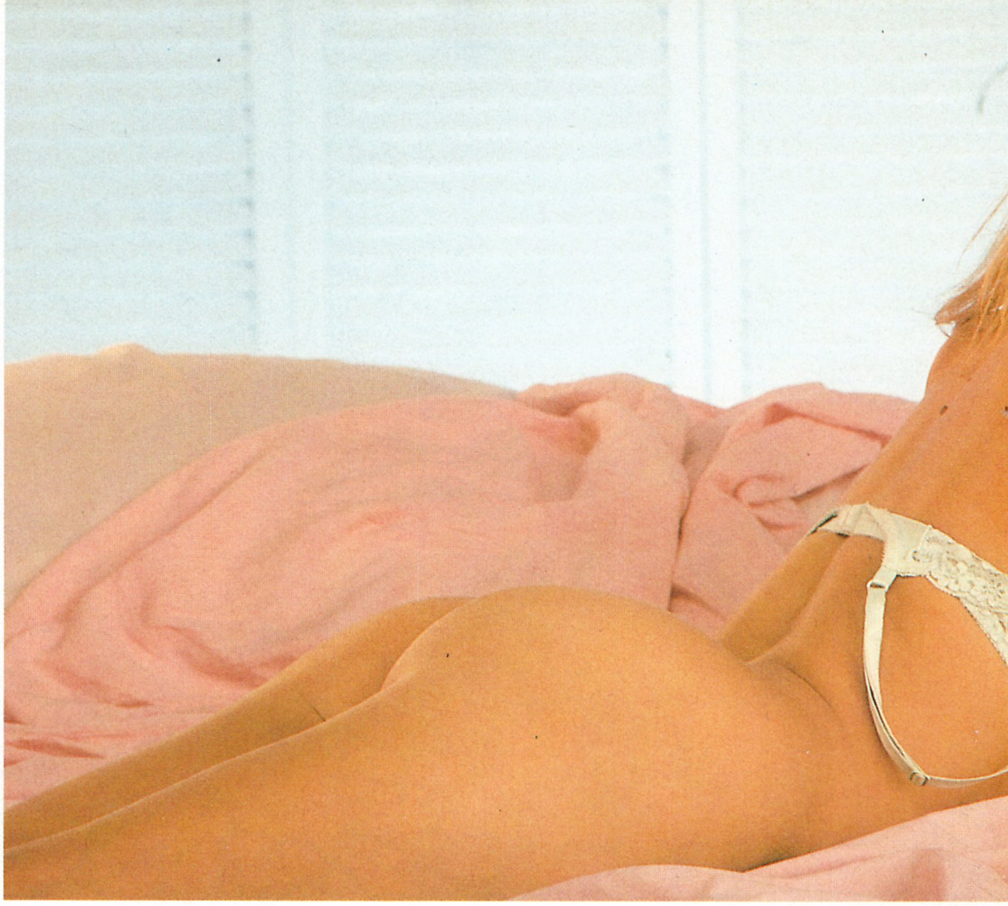


Photographs by Scott Evans

jasmine

Self-assured, strong-willed and demanding... that's how Jasmine describes herself, and who are we to argue?

"I like to be the centre of attention," purrs Jasmine, throwing back her long hair and fixing us with a determined gaze. "When I walk into a room I want to know that all eyes are on me; if they're not, then I'll make sure that they soon are!"



The 21-year-old isn't the sort of girl you'll find dressed in tatty jumpers and ripped jeans either, favouring smart business suits instead; although for her first appearance in Club her clothes were minimal, to say the least. "I wanted to be sure that you were going to be impressed," she explains, "so I made certain that I put on a real show for you all. You know, pouting at the camera, sticking my bum right out and giving my clitty a little rub. Do you reckon it worked then, fellas?" We should say so, Jasmine! ♣

HOLLYWOOD *wipes*

In the glitzy world of LA lavatory accessories, Sable Bush was a big noise. So why did she end up in a crap pisstake of a sex 'n' shopping blockbuster?

Sable Bush strode purposefully into the plush foyer of the illustrious Hardon Hotel, Wiltshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, USA. She wore a bright red satin Nicole Farti mini-dress which fitted her tighter than plastic surgery. Her long, shapely legs glistened like snails' trails beneath her sheer silk Hugo Boff tights.

She glanced at herself in one of the myriad of cut crystal mirrors which decorated the walls of the Hardon Hotel's reception area and smiled; she was pleased by her perfectly formed breasts, tanned from a recent trip to the Copabanana Beach, and the way they undulated like two of Chez Crattlenrole's individual creme caramels on a wobbly porcelain plate.

It was said that each of Sable's breasts was insured for no less than $5 million. Little wonder, then, that when she approached the hall porter's desk and asked if she could hand him her valuables he turned a shade of puce and stammered slightly, "B-b-but madame, forgive me, I am just a simple concierge."

Sable glanced beyond him to the green slopes of the Hollywood Hills, above which lightning flashed and thunder crashed. She turned her violet eyes back to the concierge. "Well," she husked, fixing him with a determined gaze, "what I always say is, 'Any porter in a storm'".

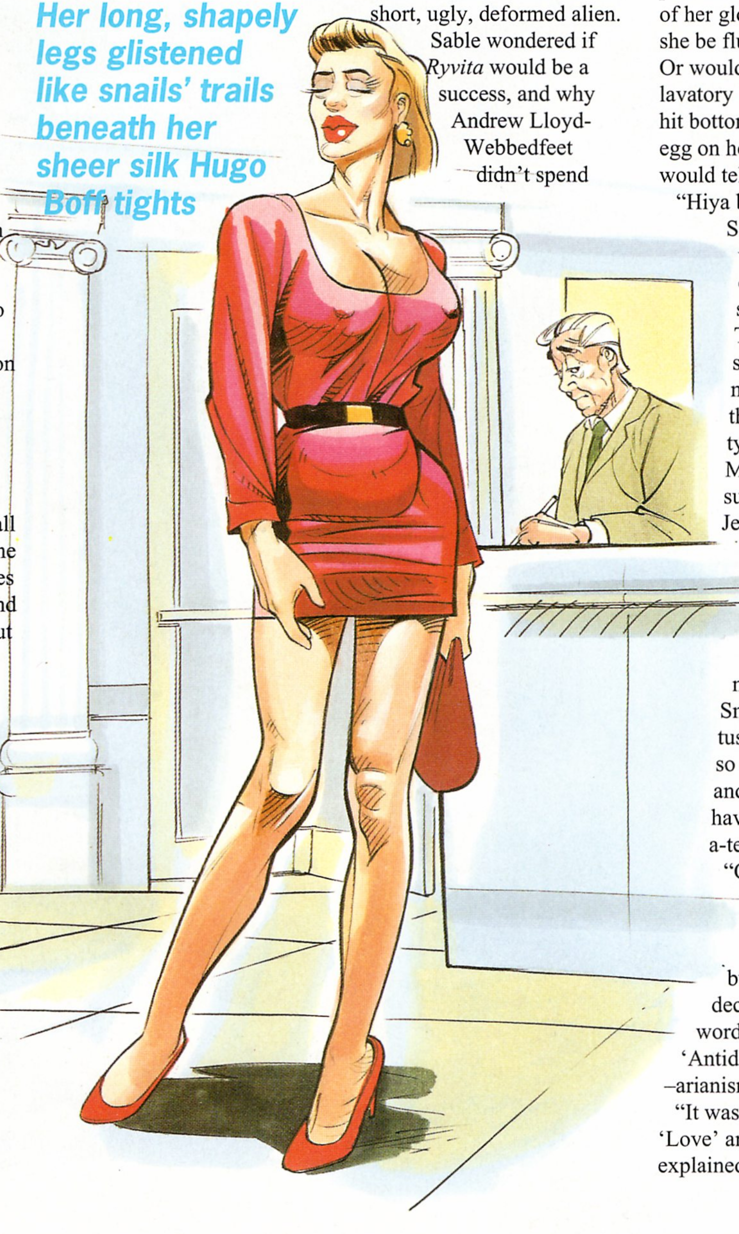
Expert fingers... slide... tongue... moist... probe... enormous... explode... squeal... rasp.

Five Minutes Later

Sable Bush almost gasped as she walked through the double doors of the Hardon's ballroom. Before her was a glittering array of the world's 'beautiful people'.

She spotted designer Ralph Tampon with two of his favourite models — Jerry Halitosis and an Airfix 1/72 scale Hawker Hurricane. Over by the ornamental fountain, fondling a flamingo and wearing a fetching off-the-shoulder oxygen tent, was pop superstar Michael Crankson. Not far beyond him, film director Stephen Spewburger was in earnest conversation with the central figure in his latest movie — a short, ugly, deformed alien.

Her long, shapely legs glistened like snails' trails beneath her sheer silk Hugo Boff tights



Sable wondered if *Ryvita* would be a success, and why Andrew Lloyd-Webbedfeet didn't spend some of his vast income on cosmetic surgery.

No such question could be asked of Surely Conman. The author of *Plaice,* the year's best selling shopping and fishing blockbuster was said to have had more implants than Percy Thrower's garden. Her face had been lifted so often that she had a little round dimple in the centre of her forehead and had to shave her chin twice a week.

Sable waved brightly to her. Surely would certainly have waved back, but the skin had been drawn so tightly across her body to remove her wrinkles that if she'd raised an arm her spine would have collapsed.

All these celebrities were here to see her opening, Sable realized with a glow of pride. To view her new shop 'Hollywood Wipes', the Beverly Hills Boutique that specialised in designer toilet tissues. Sable felt a thrill of excitement and nervousness pass through the taut contours of her glorious body. Would she be flushed with success? Or would the world's luxury lavatory accessories industry hit bottom and leave her with egg on her face? Only time would tell.

"Hiya babe."

Sable recognised the unmistakable voice of the actress and singer, Shert. Turning towards her she smiled shyly, noting as she did so the way the celebrity's cutaway Issey Mukinutz fishnet support stockings and Jean-Paul Goatiniff patent leather hernia appliance revealed the rotund splendour of Shert's magnificent bottom. Smooth and pink, her tush resembled nothing so much as Yul Bryner and Telly Savalas having an intimate tete-a-tete.

"Check out my new tattoos," Shert purred as she bent over. Her perfect buttocks were decorated with the words 'Love' and 'Antidisestablishment-arianism'.

"It was supposed to say 'Love' and 'Peace'," Shert explained, "but the tattooist didn't want to finish the job." They both laughed. A liveried flunky appeared at Shert's elbow with a silver salver of drinks.

"Liqueurs, madame?" he enquired.

"Only if I can lick your's first," Shert retorted with a giggle.

As she watched the actress's body ripple, Sable couldn't help recalling that afternoon in Acabilko all those years ago... Bisexual... nipple... nibble... wetness... immense... buzzing... vibrating... Fuck!... No spare batteries...

"I see you've got a single out," Sable croaked. Shert grinned nonchalantly. "Yeah," she gasped, "the left strap on this lycra Realifat Odbal bustier is always breaking."

The laughter had barely died on their lips when Sable noticed the unmistakable figure of rock star Axel Rodd lurching towards them. The lead singer and songwriter of hit group Buns 'N' Hoses, Axel was a thrilling combination of Mick Jagger, Sting, Little Richard, Stevie Wonder and Jim Morrison — a big mouthed, moaning, blind bugger who smelled as if he'd been dead for ten years.

"Like wow, babes," he croaked, "far out. Phew! Are you ready to rock? I said, ARE U READY TO ROCK! Yeah, alright. You two groupies wanna ball?"

Sable's eyes lingered on Axel's big bandana. "If you're blind," she sighed, "how come you know we're women?"

The rock star's rough-hewn face contorted in a salacious leer. "Maaaan," he drawled, "I guess I gotta nose for these things, little momma. Wooooo!"

"You sure have," Shert remarked sardonically. "I remember at my Christmas party you spent all night trying to get off with a bowl of seafood salad."

"Seafood salad! Man! Heavy!" Axel grunted. "I always wondered how I got that tartar sauce all over my nuts." He slipped an immense, hairy arm around Sable's waist. "What say you an' me go upstairs and get it on, babe?" he whispered in her ear.

"I thought you had a relationship," Sable crooned,

Illustrations by Adam Willis

running her fingers gently over his bandolier.

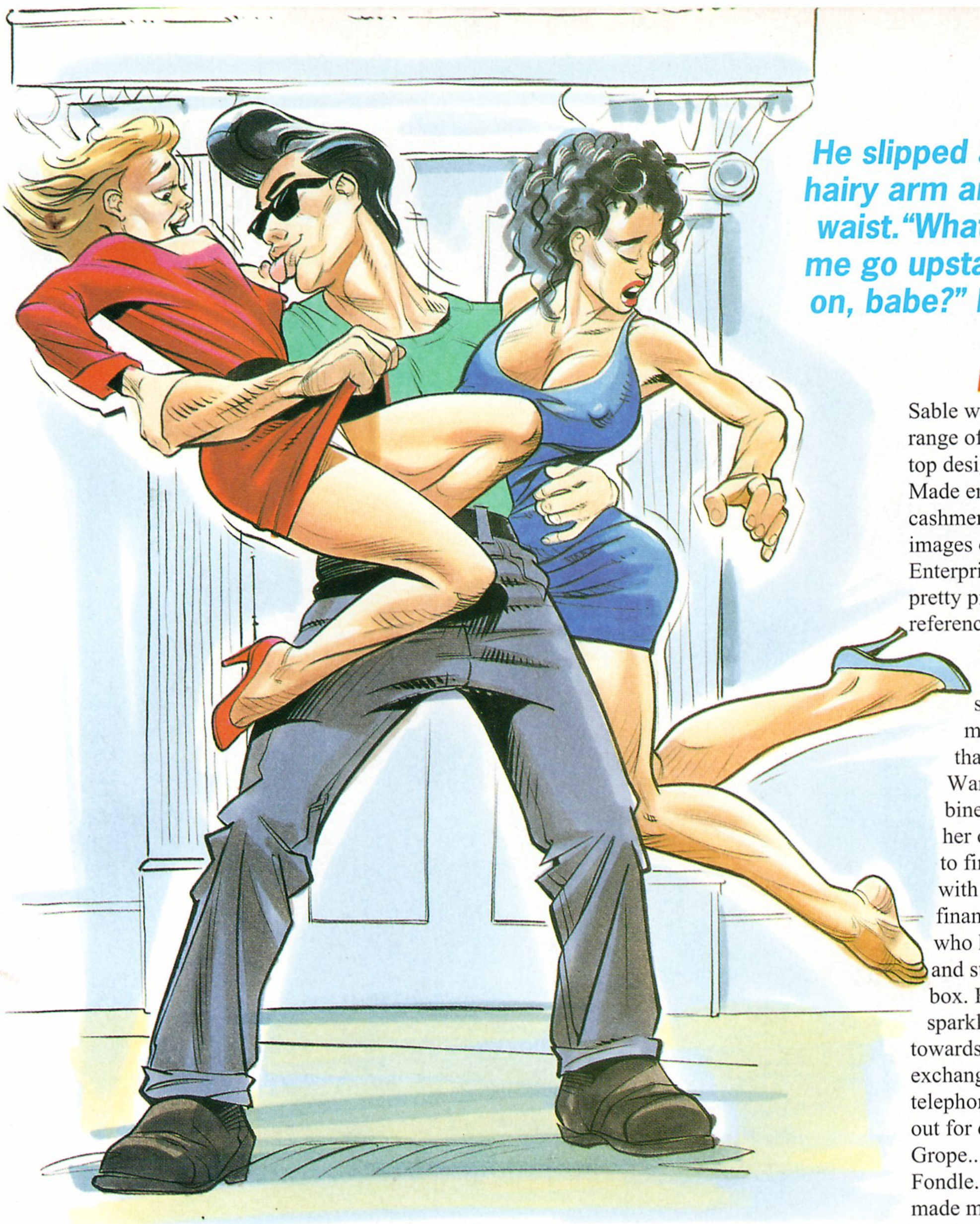
Axel shook his head, "Naa. The chick split on me."

"Maybe you should've wrapped sellotape round it before you started," Shert cracked. But Sable and Axel did not hear her witticism. They were already in the external glass elevator of the Hardon.. Going down... going up... going down... going ...up.... going... down... up... down... up... down... Uh-oh-oh-oa-aaaaah!

Fifteen Minutes Later

Sable lay smoking on the silk sheets. Axel sprayed her with a fire extinguisher, then whipping out his acoustic guitar, he began to serenade her with Buns 'N' Hose's greatest hit: "I'm an outlaw rebel yeah!/An' man I ain't combed my hair/ Dudes, better get outta my way/I've been wearing my underpants for more than one day!/Never gonna stick deodorant in my sweat glands/After I've been to the toilet I don't even wash my hands!/Cos I'm an outlaw-rebel yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah!"

Sable gazed at him in awe. "You know, sometimes, Axel," she whimpered, "you live so close to the edge it scares the living daylights out of me."

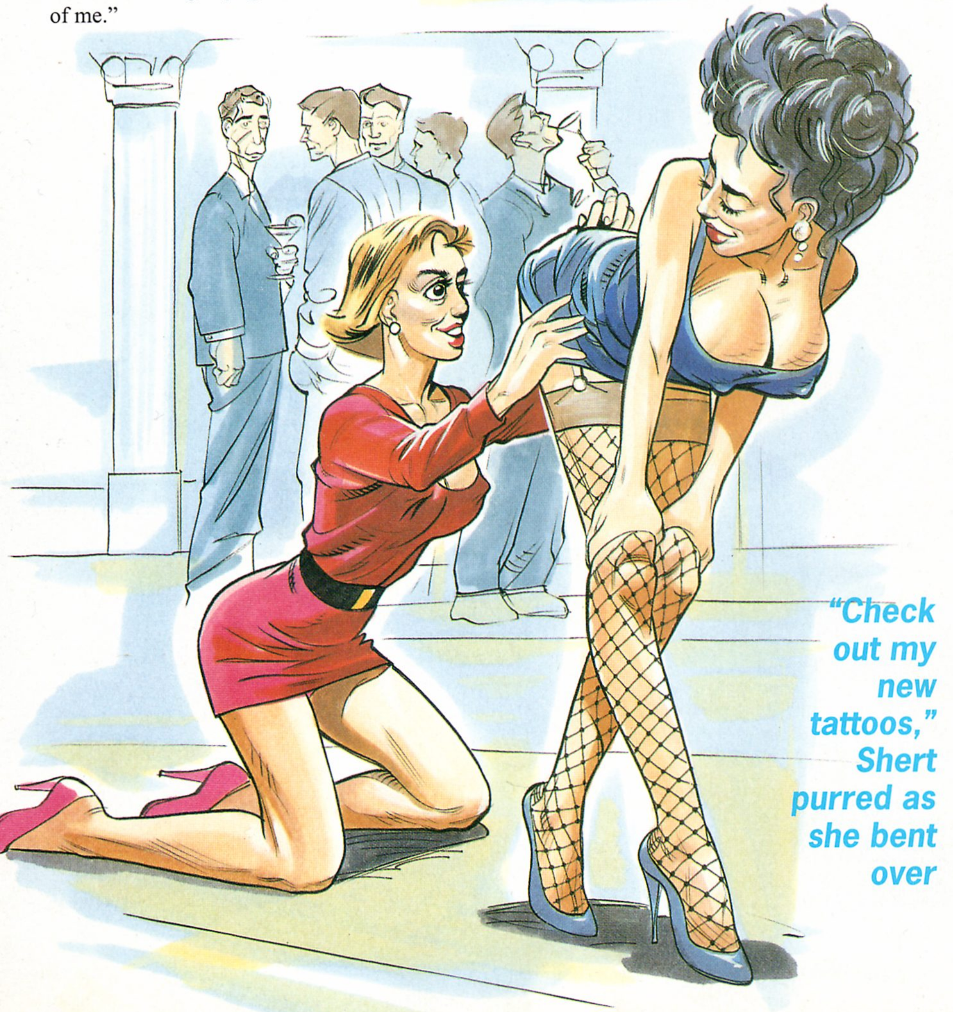


He slipped an immense, hairy arm around Sable's waist. "What say you an' me go upstairs and get it on, babe?" he whispered

Next Day

Sable was studying the latest range of lavatory rolls from top designer Calvin Khyber. Made entirely of silk and cashmere, they carried images of the starship Enterprise — a witty, and pretty piss-poor, really — reference to their ability to wipe out Klingons.

"One day that stuff'll have touched more beautiful bottoms than Jack Nicholson and Warren Beatty combined," a voice behind her drawled. Sable turned to find herself face to face with Fox Knightly, her financial adviser; the man who handled her holdings and stuffed her deposit box. His steel grey eyes sparkled. Sable leaned towards him. Their lips met, exchanged small talk and telephone numbers, then went out for dinner... Tear... Zip... Grope... Slip to the floor... Fondle... "No man has ever made me feel the way that you do," she gasped breathlessly... "Be careful with that pineapple, the leaves are sharp," he cried... Lick... Anteater... "Oh God! Oh Yes!"



"Check out my new tattoos," Shert purred as she bent over

That Night

Sable tossed and turned on her vibrating water bed. For a fleeting moment she wondered if she really should've switched it onto the 'storm' setting. But then her mind was filled once again with memories. Recollections of that special night ten years ago when she had first met Jean-Pierre in Tahiti. Something about the way his onions had swung suggestively about his neck had awakened stirrings within her young loins. He invited her for supper. Later they made love in a limpid jungle pool... squelch... splash... gurgle... "I didn't know you were a virgin," he murmured... "I'm not. I've still got my tights on"... plop... splurgh... croak... rerrbit... When she got back to Los Angeles she was three months pregnant.

But where on earth was Jean-Pierre now? And more importantly, where was her baby, Kermit?

Half An Hour Later

Sable lay in the Jacuzzi soaping her breasts. She felt depressed. What was it all about, she asked herself, this endless parade of designer labels, wealth and casual, exotic sex? What was the point of it all? Then she remembered — it was so a secretary from Croydon could read about it while lying on the beach of a resort on the Costa Del Sol, get hot and randy, shag a bloke called Gary from Rochdale, then be totally disappointed when he didn't buy her a Ferrari or stick small ornamental carp up any of her orifices. And most importantly of all, of course, it was to make the author a multi-millionaire *(I think you must have misread your contract — The Ed).* ♣

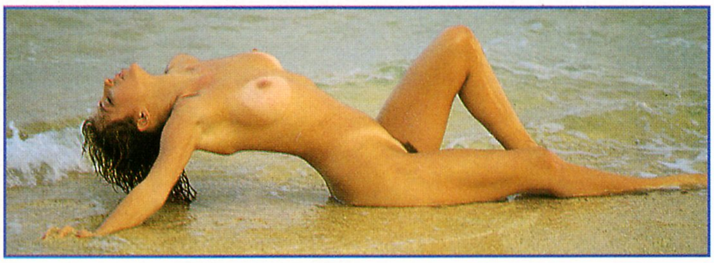
shanine

Photographs by Jack Harrison

Sexy Shanine from Wolverhampton strolled into our studio for her first ever nude modelling session just a week after her 18th birthday. "I was really looking forward to stripping for the camera," she told us, "though I was a bit nervous as well. Still, I've been practising! I've got a big mirrored wardrobe on one side of my bedroom, and for the last few days I've been posing in front of it, trying to see what I'd look like in a magazine picture. I put on all my favourite undies, and then slowly took them off again – which might sound a bit silly, but it was certainly very

sexy! I finally decided I look best when I'm on my front and pushing my bottom into the air, so I did a lot of that during the session. I gave my pussy a little trim too, because I wanted it to look nice and neat for the Club readers. Looking at the pictures now, I think I got it just about right — though I'm sure I could do better given a little more practice!"

Well, if you want Shanine back for another 'practice' session, you know the address to write to... ♣



TALKIN' BLUE

This is the section where you talk to us – and you talk dirty! Tell us what you've done, what you are doing and what you like to do; we'll read it, we'll print it and we might even help your fantasies come true...

WOMEN'S WRITES

Where the girls get down to business

SHOW AND TELL

I don't know how often most of your female readers masturbate, but I have to at least once every day. Sometimes I'll spend a whole Saturday or Sunday lying in bed working a vibro over my nipples and around my breasts, before plunging it deep inside my wet pussy and giving myself amazing multiple orgasms.

My boyfriend, Mark, loves watching me do this. He sits in a chair so he has a good view between my parted thighs, and slowly rubs his hand over his prick as I work myself into a frenzy. Then once I've come one or two times he quickly rolls me over onto all fours, and slams his cock into my cunt, ramming away with a force that drives me crazy with pleasure.

After we've fucked we often lay in bed talking about our fantasies and every time we think of something we'd like to try we make sure we do it at the earliest opportunity. As Mark knows, I'm game for anything and almost nothing shocks this nympho!

We were lying in bed the another night after yet another frantic love-making session when Mark told me how he'd really like to see me being fucked by two or three of his friends one after the other.

"I know all my mates would be up for it," he explained, "and I reckon seeing you being fucked by loads of cocks would be the horniest thing!" I didn't need any encouraging — just thinking about a load of delicious men fucking me got my pussy juiced up, so I urged Mark to invite a couple of his mates over as soon as possible.

The next day he rang up two of his friends, Tim and Frank, and invited them around while I went out and bought a naughty little French maids outfit from a sex-shop. I stayed in the bedroom until I heard Tim and Frank arrive, then quickly dressed in my outfit. When I walked in the living-room all the fellas stopped talking and turned to stare.

"Jesus," whispered Tim when I came prancing through with a feather duster in one hand. "Bonjour!" I said in a thick French accent, giving my biggest pout. I began dusting around the room, giving little wiggles of my arse in each of the boys' faces. Then, with exaggerated excitement, I began tickling their crotches with the duster.

"My," I said, running the duster over Frank's growing prick. "What's that in your trousers? It looks like it wants to come out and play!"

With that I unzipped his flies and pulled his trousers and boxers down. His prick, though not long, was really

thick, just the way I like them. I gave my lips a big wet lick, slowly lowered my head, and began kissing his fat balls. Frank let out a loud, long moan, a sign that he wanted me to continue. My fingers wrapped around his prick and slowly I began to rub them up and down the length of it, keeping my grasp nice and tight.

I was so busy concentrating on Frank's prick that I had forgotten about anyone else, until I felt Tim's hands reach my breasts from behind. Both popped out over the top of the costume, and he began pinching and kneading the nipples, sending great shivers of delight through them. I knew Mark wouldn't join in — his fantasy was just to watch, and I was quite happy to let him do that.

From behind me I could hear Tim unzipping his flies. His prick was nudging against my frilly knickers and for a moment I thought he was going to try and fuck me through them. Instead he pushed them aside and nudged his cock inside. I counted the inches as they went in and there was a big throbbing seven of them.

I felt like such a slut being fucked by Tim whilst I wanked Frank off. Frank was urging me to wank him faster now, but instead I replaced my hand with my mouth and began to suck him off as only I knew how.

Every time Tim would pump into me I'd swallow a bit more of Frank's prick until all of his six inches were stuffed in my mouth and my lips were sliding up and down his rippled cock skin. "Keep on sucking," grunted Frank, on the verge of coming. I was having trouble concentrating on sucking Frank off due to the fact that it felt as if my pussy was turning inside out with pleasure.

My legs were shaking and my bottom was trembling — a beautiful, dream-like orgasm whizzed through me and if Frank's prick hadn't have been shoved in my mouth I would have screamed the place down! Instead I tightened my lips around it and sucked him so hard that shot after shot of gluey thick spunk filled my mouth and dribbled down my throat.

Frank's spunk was saltier than Mark's, and possibly a little thicker as well, and I swallowed it with glee. All I needed now was for Tim to come. The way his prick was throbbing I felt he was on the verge, so with every inch of might that I had left I squeezed my pussy muscles tightly around his rod. I could tell he loved that by the way he rammed his prick up me hard and fast. It was just what I needed, and, with Frank's spunk still dripping from my lips, I howled out loud as I came again.

Just when I thought I couldn't handle any more Tim's prick gave a big throb and I felt my pussy being filled by wonderful warm creamy come. I was so happy and I turned to give Mark a big smile, only to see his prick was in his hand and spunk was shooting from it!

We were all too exhausted for any more fucking that night, but since then they've been regular visitors to our house. I just wish there was some way I could show all you Club readers what we get up to, but I guess you'll just have to use your imagination instead! — *Elaine, Plymouth*

Kissing Cousins!

Although I'm a thirtysomething, most people think I'm a lot younger. This is because I'm very athletic and try to live my life as healthily as possible. I've got lots of dark curly hair but only on my head. I shave my minge frequently as I like to be able to get a good view of my pussy in the mirror when I'm masturbating. I'm very petite and my boobs are still proud and firm without a bra.

At the badminton club where I play a young girl, Trisha, has been in for the last few weeks and I've been after her like mad. She is 19 years old, blonde, leggy and has a perfect bum — well rounded and very firm. We always have a drink in the club bar after a game and when I sit close to her my pussy starts juicing — she makes me so horny!

Last week when we were at the bar Trisha was saying that her car had broken down and that she needed a cab. Of course I offered her a lift home, which she accepted. In the car my heart was thumping at the thought of her round, full boobs and pert arse encased within her new track suit right next to me.

As I pulled up outside her house I took the risk. I turned to her and with one hand I stroked up her thigh towards her crotch. Trisha smiled back, then said, "I was hoping you'd do that. Let's go inside..."

Giggling, we walked up the drive with my hand grasping her pert little arse. Inside the front door Trisha led me to the lounge and began

CLEAVAGE CLIMAX 0898 224 268

CUM WEAR MY KNICKERS 0898 224 273

CLIMAX ON MY STOCKINGS 0898 224 272

HOT PUSSY IN PVC 0898 224 274

SHARE MY SEXY CLOTHES 0898 224 271

WEAR MY PANTIES AFTER ME!!! 0898 224 277

MASTURBATE WHILE I WATCH 0898 224 278

HIS SISTERS PANTIES 0898 224 270

CROSS DRESS FOR SEX 0898 224 276

LET ME DRESS YOU DIRTY 0898 224 275

I'LL DO IT WHILE YOU WATCH!! 0898 224 281

FANCY SOMETHING DIFFERENT? CALL ME... 0898 224 252

Caught talking dirty 0898 224 250

TAKE OFF MY WET PANTIES!! 0898 224 253

***Pussy** eaters!* 0898 224 287

***Spurts** of love* 0898 224 293

***Gobble** girls* 0898 224 295

***Lesbian's** 1st time* 0898 224 296

CALL FOR YOUR RANDY REWARDS!!

0898 224 283

***Cornhole** Connie wants you!* 0898 224 257

***I'll** talk dirty while you do it...* 0898 224 258

***Foursome** in a sex frenzy* 0898 224 259

***Share** my sex toys with me* 0898 224 269

***Rude** sex noises* 0898 224 284

***Juicy** Lucy & randy Mandy together* 0898 224 289

TARTS TALK! 0898 224 291

PHONE JERK OFF 0898 224 297

PRIVATE SEX COLLECTION 0898 224 294

OILED & READY FOR YOU 0898 224 298

ORIENTAL TART NEEDS STUFFING 0898 224 292

SEX CLASSIFIED

XXX RATED ORAL ANTICS 0898 224 254

GIVING THE BOSS GOOD HEAD 0898 224 251

I'M A HOT LICKER! 0898 224 256

HORNY BEAVER!! 0898 224 260

LUSTING FOR YOUR LOINS!!! 0898 224 255

RATED TALK ON THE WILD SIDE!! 0898 224 299

SLIP INTO SLICK LIPS 0898 224 280

[redacted]

SUCKING SISTERS 0898 224 282

***Over** your knee!!* 0898 224 264

***Bottom** sore but satisfied* 0898 224 266

***White** panties red cheeks* 0898 224 265

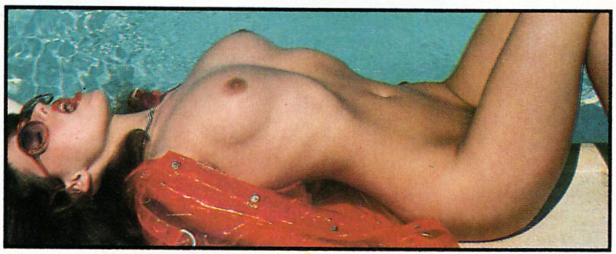
Between my cheeks 0898 224 263

***Candy's** juicy fanny* 0898 224 279

***Back** door desire* 0898 224 262

***Caught** from behind* 0898 224 261

***Blue** movie girl* 0898 224 267



EASTERN ERÓTICA 0898 224 288

PERSONAL SEX CHAT!! 0898 224 285

RAUNCHY READY & SHAVEN 0898 224 286

CREAM ON MY NIPPLES 0898 224 290

DENMARK DIAL, PO BOX 272, LONDON, SW11. CALLS COST 36p/MIN. CHEAP. 48p/MIN. OTHER TIMES. PRG/3/A.

stripping off her track suit until she was fully naked. My eyes feasted on her full creamy tits, deep brown nipples, long, long legs and sparsely haired crotch. I could easily see the puffy pinkness of her juicy thick cunt lips. I grabbed her, hauled her body close to me and lashed my tongue into her sweet-tasting mouth.

Gasping, we drew apart. Trisha lifted up my T-shirt to reveal my small boobs with hard, pointy nipples. She gave an approving look before her mouth centred on each nip in turn as I wriggled out of my jogging pants. Trisha's fingers clawed inside my lacy white g-string, sliding them up and down my slit line, making my tight cunt lips open up. Slowly my clit became more and more prominent as it ached for a good frigging.

Letting the little blonde carry on at my aching nipples, I took control. As her fingers delved along my slit I furrowed three fingers deep into her snatch. Writhing against me, Trisha bit into my nipples, making them even harder. My thumb, well versed in clit finding, began rubbing furiously against her little bud, making Trisha whimper in ecstasy.

I knew what to do to make Trisha orgasm — I dropped to my knees, buried my face into her lightly haired nubile crotch and made instant tongue contact. Christ — she was so tight and hot! My urgent fingers peeled her pussy lips wide so I could push my experienced tongue deep into her twat.

Trisha's hands pulled my face hard into her crotch. "Eat all my pussy juice! Drink it all up — fuck me hard with your tongue!" she cried as I slashed my tongue against her stiff clit and on into her throbbing slit. Then a strange thing happened...

As Trisha's cunt walls gripped against my tongue I felt my own shaven twat lips being penetrated from behind. A fair young lad, with what felt like a huge, circumcised dick had grabbed me by the waist and was about to ram into me!

And you can bet I wasn't going to complain — I was too far gone to care! Trisha was pulling at her own titties as she got nearer and nearer to coming whilst I rocked back and forth under the thrusting of the strange lad's huge prick which filled my cunt to stretching point.

I slowed down on Trisha until I could feel the prick in me twitch and throb its way towards spunking. Then I lashed her tiny clit like mad until all three of us came in an orgy of juices, screams and spunk.

As the three of us lay there seconds later, my fingers tracing a pattern over Trisha's engorged brown nipples, she introduced me to the strange lad — her cousin, James! Evidently he had seen me at the badminton club in my revealing sports clothes, and had got turned on by my breasts jiggling freely under my tight T-shirt. Trisha had hatched the plot of using her tasty cunt as bait to get him the chance to fuck me!

Just talking about the plot got James' dick stiffening again. As it grew my eyes admired the length and width of his huge rod. My fingers grabbed him and started to rub him up to full pride. James' helmet was almost glowing, and as his chunky cock reached proudly up Trisha slowly fingered my tingling, shaven fanny.

Then next to Trisha's slim finger James nudged his into me. My cunt went absolutely crazy! Trisha's lips dealt perfectly with sucking my nipples back into full erection. All my nerves were screaming for another orgasm, and I rasped out demands such as, "Keep sucking my titties," and "Don't stop fingering my pussy — do it harder!"

James then changed position so I could slowly swallow his massive knob, sucking and throating it as he rode my face. Looking down my pert little body there was Trisha's golden blonde hair over my mound as she sucked and licked her way deep into my snatch. My body tensed and shivered as orgasms blasted through me. My moans were muffled by James' prick but no doubt he could tell what was happening by the way my body was writhing! This set James off and he clenched his tight, firm ass and blasted his spunk deep down my receptive throat.

That night I know that James had me at least five times! Despite his massive and lively knob, I was more intent on keeping the lovely Trisha's cunt coming. But, from now on, with a knob like his and a cunt like hers — I'm making sure we three get it together at least once a week! — *Caroline, Derby*

ON THE JOB

In and out of the office

Lezzie Lust!

I've always been a sexually adventurous person, and although I'm only 19 I've seen and really enjoyed plenty of copies of Club. My older brother is a regular reader and when I was still living at home I used to secretly nick his copies from under his bed and spend hours at night reading them under the duvet. I always kept it a secret because I didn't want any of my family to cotton on to the fact that I get turned on looking at erotic pictures of girls like myself naked, posing with their pussies on display for all to see.

I loved to touch myself when I was leafing through the mag, feeling my own little pussy getting all moist and hot, my juices lightly coating my closely trimmed pubes. I think my brother suspected my sexual leanings, but he never really mentioned anything, just little sly hints.

I think I got my lesbian urges from school — you know what they say about girls from convent schools! But I love fucking with men as much as any girl does; you can't beat the sensation of a good, fat, thick cock inside you, pumping up and down against your cunt walls when you're in the mood for it.

Recently, though, I haven't been getting a lot of cock inside me — for the very good reason that I just haven't been able to fit it into my hectic fucking schedule. I think you'll all enjoy hearing what's been happening.

About three and a half months ago I finally found a full-time job as a live-in children's nanny. I was employed through an agency and so I'd only met the father, Jeremy, and the two kids before I went to the house; he assured me that his wife (who was on holiday then) would go along with everything he said.

I must admit that when I was offered the post I half hoped that Jeremy might be some dishy hunk that I could have a passionate affair with, but he turned out to be a rather wet fish of an executive in his early forties, so that was a bit of a wash-out. But what a shock I got when I first encountered his wife Lara!

She came back from holiday in the middle of the night a couple of days after I'd moved in, and the first sight I had of her was when I came down to the kitchen early one morning and found her sitting at the table munching toast, wearing just a red lacy teddy which left absolutely nothing to my imagination!

I could feel my cunt creaming up straight away, and my nipples began to go hard and thrust out against the lingerie I was wearing under my dressing gown. This was new to me — although I'd spent all that time getting worked up over *pictures* of naked girls, Lara was the first woman who'd turned me on face to face.

She was a gorgeous blonde, younger than I'd expected at about 24, and the way she was looking at my young, slender figure and dark hair piled up on top of my head in that '60s sex kittenish style didn't leave me in any doubt as to what she was thinking.

"Well, you *are* a sight for sore eyes," she drawled as she poured me a welcoming cup of tea. "I can see why Jeremy was so keen to employ you — he knows you're just my type."

"What do you mean?" I stammered, trying to act the innocent even though I knew exactly what she was getting at. She didn't waste any time, this woman!

"Those lovely perky little boobs," Lara said, and with that she walked casually around the table, slipped her hand inside my lacy top and pulled my boobs free, cupping one in each hand. "They're just the size I like them," she said, as cool as you please.

I know I could have got up and walked out there and then, but I think Lara had seen from the look in my eyes there was no way I was going to. She ran a thumb gently over each erect nipple, and then with a sudden movement she leaned over and circled her tongue lazily around my left one, taking it right inside her warm, wet mouth and sucking on it until I was panting. My nipples have always been really sensitive, and after a minute of that she could have persuaded me to do anything!

Seconds later I was astride her on one of the chairs, pressing my sticky mound towards her, feeling the heat of our cunts rubbing together through our soft lingerie. We were kissing fiercely as Lara's hands moved all over my body, stroking my neck, my tits, my thighs, all the time working closer to my pussy. I wanted her to feel me there so badly! I could feel my cunt was hot and the heat was building up through my body, centring around my stomach and peaking in my nipples.

By this time I was so turned on that my breath was coming in little gasps, and my pussy, which normally doesn't get that wet however horny I am, was making a wet patch on my undies!

With surprising ease Lara lifted me up so that I was sitting with my bum right on the edge of the table, my legs spread wide and the damp gusset of my teddy pulled aside so that she could take a good look at my dripping slit, running her long-nailed fingers up and down it for a few seconds before plunging her tongue inside me for the first time.

I'd often fantasised about how it would feel to have another woman going down on me — especially one as gorgeous as Lara — but the reality was a million times better. I could feel that pointy tongue really probing me, my pussy juice completely covering Lara's face as I ground into her so that I could revel in the sensation as much as possible. It was delicious, Lara swishing in and out, in and out.

I couldn't stop myself coming then, fondling my own boobs in my desperation to heighten the sensations that were already building up, pinching and pulling at my nipples. Lara was reaching down between her own thighs now, touching her clitoris and making little moaning noises inside my cunt. That just made me wriggle around even more.

Eventually my final climax was so powerful that I fell back on the table, my thighs still wrapped around Lara's neck as I fought to regain my composure. The spasms took ages to die down, and my cunt was dribbling juices as I levered myself up and straightened my clothes, looking slightly embarrassed.

Lara was just grinning. "I take it that was your first time with another woman," she asked. I mumbled that it was. "But you've thought about women while you masturbate, haven't you?" she demanded. I went bright red, but I couldn't say no to this woman! "Yes," I whispered, "I've thought about licking a woman's pussy while I masturbate."

"Then I think it's high time that I took you upstairs and taught you how to do it," she told me, and pulled me by the hand up the stairs and into the luxury master bedroom.

"Hope you don't get seasick!" Lara grinned as she pulled me down onto the largest water bed I'd ever seen and stripped me completely naked before taking her own clothes off.

"Eat me," she ordered, lying down on the bed, which wobbled as she manoeuvred her thighs apart so that I could get a really good view up inside her wet gash. She was very moist where she'd played with herself in the kitchen, and I could smell the tang of her juices. I couldn't wait to get a taste of them.

"Come here and I'll show you how to do it," Lara told me. "It takes a little practice."

Not for me it didn't! I took to cunny eating like a duck to water; it just seemed natural to me to nudge my face between Lara's slim, parted thighs and taste her juices. It was brilliant, and after a few seconds I really went for it, driving my tongue up her pussy and licking her out furiously as she made loud moaning noises and gripped the sides of my head with her lovely smooth thighs. I could hardly have moved even if I'd wanted to!

Not that I was going anywhere. The feeling of sucking Lara's pussy really inflamed me, and I could have stayed there forever. As she had done, I ran my hand down between my legs to play with my love button, rubbing it to bring myself off.

I had just pulled my lips apart so I could finger-fuck myself when suddenly I felt the head of what seemed to be a very large and very stiff cock pushing into my cunt from behind! Before I could look around and see what was going on, it was inside me to the hilt and thrusting away as if this fuck was going to be its last. It was fantastic to have a mouthful of pussy at one end while being pumped full of meaty cock at the other. If my mouth hadn't been full, I'd have been screaming out loud — as it was, I had to make do with moaning into Lara's snatch.

The rasp of the guy's pubes on my buttocks was unbearably erotic — of course, it was Jeremy who was fucking me — and as his motions became faster and faster he started circling his cock inside me, reaching into the very depths of my cunt every time he thrust hard into me. An orgasm ripped through me, but he was nowhere near coming and just kept pounding away, and with every stroke I seemed to have another little orgasm again! Before long my pussy was almost unbearably sensitive, I was coming so much.

That just made me attack Lara's cunt with renewed vigour, tonguing her ferociously and swallowing her juices. I loved the taste of her. And I was glad to see that I was turning Lara on as much as she was me, the way her head was thrashing about on the pillows and the water bed was rolling madly. She'd lost track of time and the number of orgasms she'd had, by the looks of her, and was just letting the sensations rippling through her cunny wash over her.

"Tell me when you're

going to shoot your load, Jeremy," Lara moaned as she climaxed for about the tenth time. "I want you to spray it all over me. Spray it on my tits and cunt while Karen makes me come."

Jeremy was obviously nearing his orgasm. His thrusting became faster and more urgent, his balls slapping my arse as he fucked me, and the hairs on his legs stroking my thighs as he moved back and forth. Then, when he couldn't hold back any longer, he pulled his cock out of me with a swift motion and moved up so that he could direct his come over his wife's body.

Lara was totally out of control now. "Oh fuck, Karen, suck me!" she groaned. "Suck my cunt while he spunks all over me!" She grabbed her tits and held them up as Jeremy came. The white globs splattered on her boobs, down her stomach and all over her pussy, the last few drop landing on my face as I continued to suck at her cunt.

When her husband had finished coming, Lara motioned for me to lick up all his sticky spunk. To encourage me, she dipped her fingertips into it and massaged it into her skin. Obediently, I lapped up Jeremy's come from every inch of Lara's body that it had covered, savouring the taste and sticky texture of it. I was on all fours over her, licking at her come-covered nipples, and while I did that Jeremy casually fingered my cunny too, pushing three fingers up my open pussy and running his thumb over my already aching clitty. Christ — only an hour ago I'd been innocently sitting down to eat breakfast, and now here I was having the dirtiest sex of my life! I had to admit it — I loved it!

Things have gone on getting dirtier and dirtier ever since then: Lara and Jeremy are a very imaginative couple, let me tell you! Naturally, threesomes have been quite a feature of my sex life, though what I like best is when Lara and I are alone together. She's currently doing what she calls "teaching me the A to Z of sex." — I think we're about up to 'g' at the moment (for g-spot)! — *Karen, Worcester*

COUPLES CONFESS

Share and share alike!

Double Your Fun!

I must admit that until recent events I really wasn't keen on sex. I don't know why — I just couldn't seem to get on with it. I suppose I was always expecting that when I was in bed with one boyfriend or another, it would be one touch of his fingers on my clitty or the first inch of his cock pushing inside my cunt and I'd be feeling internal fireworks, having multiple orgasms one after the other. That's what I always expected sex to be about, and when it didn't quite live up to my expectations I always ended up disappointed, let down, and above all, frustrated. Not that it was the fault of the guys I slept with — it was all in my mind.

I did loads of masturbating, mind you. I always felt a little ashamed of it, and made sure not to be caught, but I loved what I privately called my 'sessions': I'd lock the door, strip totally naked, and after admiring my body in the mirror (I reckon I'm pretty attractive, with a neat, shaved pussy and little firm breasts) I'd lie face down on the bed, my legs wide apart. Then I'd cup my hand firmly over my pussy area and begin to move my bottom up and down, holding my hand still. I'd keep a firm pressure on my pussy and slowly but surely the feeling would build up, my pussy would get all wet, begin to open so the moisture was smeared over my hand, and I'd have scores of dirty fantasies to carry me over the edge. I just wished I could transfer those feelings and acts to sex.

I thought I'd be like this forever, and I must say that I'd resigned myself to it. Then one day a couple of weeks ago my friend Sophie and I were having a really good chat about sex. We'd had more than a few Tia Marias so we were getting down to the nitty gritty. Before I knew it I was confessing to Sophie all about my most secret fantasies.

The best one, the one which gets me off the most easily, is when I'm masturbating just as I do at home, but I'm being watched. There are always at least a man and a woman watching me, and sometimes as many as ten people! After they've seen me come we go on to have sex in loads of different combinations.

It's a common enough fantasy, I suppose, but it never failed! I used to lie on my stomach for hours thinking of that, the pressure of my body and the action of my fingers and thumb on my clitty causing those lovely, pleasurable contractions.

When I finally confessed that to Sophie, a sly grin spread across her face. "If you want me to help you start enjoying sex," she told me, "I think I can help out — and I've got just the guys for the job too!"

Naturally I was intrigued and asked what she meant, but she wouldn't explain to me. All she did was arrange that I should turn up at her house the following Saturday night, and that was all she would say. "Just wear your sexiest outfit to show off that lovely figure," she told me.

The fantasies about what might happen that weekend kept my 'sessions' very interesting all week! I made a real effort to look good when Saturday came. I wore a really short, black micro skirt which clung to my bum and the tops of my thighs like a second skin — it was so short I might as well not have been wearing it! — with a sheer white blouse, lacy half-cup bra, fishnet stockings, suspenders, stilettos and a black velvet choker around my neck. Even though I say it myself, I looked really good.

When I arrived at Sophie's place, there was just her there. I was quite surprised by that, but she explained that the guys she'd fixed up were coming later. They were two airmen from a nearby airbase that she'd befriended — she told me that they'd said that they thought the local women were "a little hard to get on with", and that we were going to prove them wrong.

Although I was a little nervous, I was also really excited. I hoped that for once, the action would live up to the fantasy.

"Let's get comfortable," Sophie told me, and she shrugged off the silky housecoat she was wearing. She was completely naked underneath! She had a lovely body, really firm and slim, but with generous boobs that were sticking pertly out in front of her. I watched, fascinated, as she reached up and touched them with the palms of her hands. Her nipples went erect almost immediately.

Suddenly I felt incredibly aroused, and I allowed Sophie to reach across to me and start undressing me. I was naked in no time too, and then she gently pushed me down onto the sofa.

"I think you'd better have a practise before our guests arrive," she said. "Go on — show me what you do when you're alone."

Now it came to the moment of performing like this I was a little shy, and I buried my face in the cushions as I lay on my stomach and opened my legs wide. I cupped my hand over my pussy, feeling that I was wet already, and began to move my bum up and down, grinding my mound over my rigid palm.

It was gorgeous, and I went faster and faster, flushing all over as I humped my hand. After a few minutes I glanced

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quickly over at Sophie: she was staring at me, her legs wide open, her fingers rubbing hard at her clitoris.

It was an incredible sight, and I couldn't help looking again. My eyes were locked on her open pussy. I wanted her to see mine, so I opened my legs even wider and pulled my lips apart, letting her see right into my snatch.

She said nothing, but I could tell from the way she gasped that this had put her on the point of coming. But I was going to go further. I held myself open with my left hand, and slowly, so she could see every inch, I pushed three fingers of my right hand into myself. First one knuckle, then the next, slid into my pussy, until the fingers were all the way in. Then I started pumping them in and out, hard and fast.

That did it for her. Sophie moaned as she came, her fingers a blur on her clitty.

As she came to, Sophie looked at me and winked. "Now I think I want a closer view," she said, and walked to the sofa, turned me over so I was sitting on the edge, and knelt down between my legs.

I was aching to come, and couldn't stop myself openly masturbating just in front of her face. She pulled my hand away, though, and slipped the tip of her tongue inside my cunt. I gripped her head and held it to my pussy as she stirred her tongue inside me, and I started coming then, gasping as my cunt muscles tightened and Sophie licked me faster and faster.

Just when I was about to reach the real pinnacle, with a delicious climax building up inside me, Sophie lifted her head up and said, "You can come in now, guys," and before I could say anything these two hunky guys came in from the kitchen! They must have been watching through the serving hatch!

I could hardly believe my eyes — I'd been so absorbed with what Sophie was doing to me that I'd almost forgotten about the two guys she'd fixed us up with. "Karl and Peter," she grinned at them, standing up so that they could get a good view of her neatly trimmed pussy and lovely tits, "this is Daniele, the one who thinks she doesn't like sex very much. I think we can prove her wrong on that one, don't you?"

"We saw all your performance," Karl said. "And we liked what we saw."

I stared at them both, nervous but incredibly excited at the same time. My cunt had never felt so hot and juicy in my life, and I knew that if I tried to get up off the floor my legs would buckle.

"What do you want to do to me?" I asked them both.

"We want to teach that pussy of yours how to enjoy fucking!" Karl answered, stripping off and kneeling in front of me between my spread thighs. I just said the first thing that came into my head. "I've never fucked a guy with a beard before."

He picked up my foot and ran the sensitive sole over the neatly trimmed beard that surrounded his mouth. "You don't need to worry about the beard," he grinned, and then bent down to start licking out my pussy, taking up where Sophie had left off.

The feel of his facial hair gently rubbing my sensitive soft inner thighs was so delicious. I loved the sensation of the bristles rubbing against my bare pussy, and when Karl started licking me out in earnest, I went mad, thrashing my head about from side to side on the floor, my chest heaving as I struggled for breath.

My clitty felt like it was on fire as I felt Karl rub it with his tongue and his beard rubbed the insides of my love lips. My mouth was gaping open but I couldn't speak, I was so overwhelmed.

It didn't stay empty for long though, as Peter soon inserted his cock between my lips and he sighed as I tightened my lips around it and began a good, hard sucking action. I've always enjoyed giving blow-jobs, and Peter's cock was good and thick, just the way I like them. He pushed himself gently to the back of my throat, then eased out again, feeling my teeth grazing along his shaft as I clamped my lips around his cock to keep him inside my mouth.

My cunt was dripping juices by now, and my fingers strayed down there, and I started to try to push Karl's face in there, I was suddenly so desperate to be really filled up. Sophie could see what I needed, and I watched as she guided Karl's moist cock to my cunt. He rubbed his knob up and down my crack, and then inch by inch slid it up me.

God, I needed that! I was so wet and horny all I wanted in the world at that moment was to get fucked, and get fucked hard. He shifted forward so that he could tease and chew on my breasts, keeping his mouth's movements in the same rhythm as the thrusting that was building up faster and faster.

It had never felt better having a cock pushing up inside me, and the feel of Peter's shaft in my mouth at the same time, the tangy taste of his pre-come, was too much for me. As Sophie had planned and predicted, I started coming — and I found that once my orgasms had started flowing, I couldn't stop myself!

I'd always been wary of that out-of-control feeling, but now I was revelling in it. With my legs high and wide, I had one cock pounding into my pussy and another in my mouth, and all I could do was give a muffled squeal as orgasm after orgasm hit me. Karl's shaft slammed in and out, my juices were leaking out everywhere, coating his balls and the inside of my thighs. I had to really clench my cunt muscles to hold him inside, but Sophie was ready behind him to push him back in, occasionally inserting a finger into my pussy to keep time with his cock.

Obviously all this dirty sex was building up to a huge climax, though I didn't exactly have time to wonder who was going to come first (apart from me!). In the end Karl unloaded his spunk straight into me; I felt the tightening of his hairy balls as his beard rasped against my nipples, and then the creamy goo was dribbling out from between my legs as Karl pulled out and sprayed the last streams onto my cunt.

Sophie licked some of it up as I prepared myself to swallow the load that Peter then started giving me. He squirted it right down my throat, spurt after spurt as he watched Sophie lick up the mixture of pussy juice and spunk from my pussy.

The night didn't end there either, with me watching as the two guys took turns to fuck Sophie. I enjoyed being a voyeur almost as much as the fucking I'd had!

As you might guess, that night has transformed me. Now, from being almost frigid, I've turned into a horny bitch who just can't get screwed enough. I'll try anything — and everything — and when I have I'll write back and tell Couples Confess about it! – *Daniele, Oxford* ♣

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My legs are spread for you **0898 884 311**
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I'll give you hand relief! **0898 884 316**
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I'LL TOSS YOU OFF!! 0836 402 215
SLAP MY BARE CHEEKS 0836 402 209
SHAVE ME THEN XXXX ME 0836 402 205
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ORAL PLEASURE 0836 402 216
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FILL ME UP!! 0836 402 229
SHOWER GIRLS! 0836 402 228
I NEED GOOD SEX 0836 402 226
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CUM OVER MY STOCKINGS 0898 900 501

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HETA OCH UNDERBARA TJEJER 0712 70056
EN HET KUINNAS BEKANNELSE 0712 70057
VÅJAR DU RINGA DETTA NUMMER 0712 70058
FORFORELSE LINJER 0712 70059
MINA HEMLIGA DRÖMMAR 0712 70171
JAG KANNER MIG ENSAM RING MIG 0712 70172
JAG VÄNTAR PÅ NÅGOT SPANNANDE 0712 70173
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Shaven shameless lesbians 0836 402 202
Cum - now lick me off! 0836 402 206
Do me doggy style! 0836 402 212
Oriental special sex 0836 402 220
Spank my wife hard!! 0836 402 221
Juicy lucy's climax 0836 402 222
Bizarre sex acts! 0898 900 508
I'm a good sucker 0898 900 514
Suck my large breasts 0898 900 515
Unfaithful brides! 0898 900 517
Panty fetish!! 0898 122 101
Wet knickered Sally 0898 122 103

Penny pulls them down 0898 122 107
Sticky white knickers 0898 122 106
How I lost my knickers! 0898 122 108
Grope down my knickers 0898 900 506
I need xxxtra attention 0898 900 512
Fanny plays with Willie 0898 900 516
Filthy talk will make you cum 0898 900 513
My hand will make "u" spurt 0898 900 505
Bimbo delights 0898 900 504
I'll talk dirty while "u" take me from behind 0898 900 503
Be firm with me, big boy 0898 900 510
Randy twins need double satisfaction 0898 900 511
Who wants my knickers? 0898 122 100

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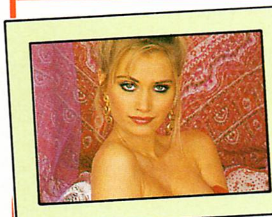

Tara Bardot investigates 3

Uncensored by the BBFC

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THE HORNIEST UNCERTIFICATED SCANDINAVIAN VIDEOS

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And because of a loophole my distributors have found in the new 1992 open Europe importation laws, these explicit hot 'n' hard videos are legally available in this country for the first time.

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"HAPPY!"
SSION!
SWEDISH ERO De Luxe SEXMAGAZIN
INTERNATIONAL ERO De Luxe SEXMAGAZIN
22

AS well as these bargain sets of four films I can also offer you the following pairs of films. These are selling for a total of ~~£54.95~~ but you can have them for Only £11.95.

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T.M.B.66

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THEN QUOTE YOUR SEX PREFERENCE NUMBER AS FOLLOWS

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789 [COUPLES LOOKING FOR COUPLES]
10 11 12 [COUPLES LOOKING FOR A MALE]
13 14 15 [COUPLES LOOKING FOR A GIRL]
16 17 18 [GAYS] 19 20 21 [LESBIANS]

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THE GIRLS JUST ASK FOR YOUR AREA (THEY WON'T WANT YOUR NAME & ADDRESS) & WHISTLE UP THE SEX DATES ON YOUR CHOICE FROM THEIR TEN MINUTE ALERT COMPUTER PRINT OUT AFTER THEY HAVE FIXED YOU UP YOU JUST SEND THE GIRLS £5.00 BY CASH OR POSTAL ORDER AFTER YOU HAVE HAD YOUR SEX DATE. SO WE SUPPLY THE GOODIES FIRST & GET PAYMENT LATER. THATS HOW CONFIDENT WE ARE WE CAN FIX YOU UP IN TEN MINUTES, SO GET DIALLING.

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18-22 YR OLD GIRLS

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18 and Randy
0898 442 120
Let Me Stroke It! (18)
0898 442 141
College Girls (18-22)
0898 442 199
Young and Sticky (19)
0898 442 092

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WE GOT THEM TO DO THE BUSINESS AND GOT THE MICROPHONE IN VERY CLOSE

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Young Girl / Older Man 0898 442 144
SEXUAL NOISES 0898 442 160
Straight Masturbation 0898 442 121

WE MADE THEM LIVE

SEX LINES AND SEX TALK

SEX DATES TONIGHT !

JUST A SAMPLE OF OUR
SEX DAY GIRLS

LONDON - Mary likes it doggy fashion - **0898 442 195**
SCOT - Judy sucks you dry anytime - **0898 442 139**
N.E. Sarah licks you all over and sits on your face - **0898 442 094**
S.E. Pat is into T.V. dressing Bizzare - **0898 700 302**
S.W. Lesley likes it hard and rough - **0898 700 350**

ALL CALLERS CAN ACCESS OUR GIRLS ON A FIND A SEX CONTACT PERMUTATION IN YOUR AREA SO DIAL NOW!

TALK FILTHY TO ME
While I do it
0898 300 880
DIAL HER NOW

SEX TALK GIRLS

(NO CREDIT CARDS)
081 871 2181 for
FREE LIVE ONE TO ONE
SEX CHAT

TAMMY- into doggy talk and does it- **0898 700 331**
JANE (18) does it while you do it **0898 700 335**
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COUPLES ONLY- **0898 300 856**

I'LL HOLD YOUR BALLS 0898 300 852 & I'LL SUCK THEM 0898 300 849

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STRICTLY ADULT

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WE TAPE RECORD HARD CORE SEX CHAT LINES SO YOU CAN HEAR THEM !

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SUBMISSION	0898 300 841
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PERFECT PERT REAR
0898 300 842
MY BIG BUM !
0898 300 844
BETWEEN MY CHEEKS
0898 300 845

BOOBS

SQUEEZE THEM FOR ME!
0898 442 085
READY TO BE LICKED
0898 442 086
COME BETWEEN MY TITS
0898 442 087

LISTEN IN TO SEX TALK

Why listen to some bird reading when you can listen in to genuine sex talk from sex talk lines!

REAL HARD TALKERS
0898 442 012
LESBIAN LINES
0898 442 013
DOMINATION
0898 442 014

CUM ALL OVER ME!

0898 300 850

Genuine Hard Sex Talk by Girls who do it for pleasure only. - No Credit Cards.

or just listen on
0898 442 015

GOBBLE SPECIAL 0898 442 717
(Recorded live on the job!)

SEX TALK-AND-LISTEN

HERE ME SHAVE
0898 362 671

DOGGY TALK
0898 362 694

TELEPHONE BLOW JOB
0898 442 711

LISTEN TO SEX SCREAM
0898 362 550

2 GIRLS FIGHT FOR 1 DILDO
0898 442 017
INSIDE MY PANTIES
0898 442 018
TRY A ROUGH & HARD RIDE GO
0898 442 019
DO WHAT YOU LIKE TO ME
0898 442 020
SPECIAL
MEET THE SEX TALK GIRLS AT YOUR PLACE!
0898 442 170 &
0898 700 306
WHAT THEY DO

I TALK DIRTY WHILE YOU DO IT
0898 442 016

ALSO:
18 year old
0898 100 401
Older Woman
0898 100 402
Domination Talk
0898 100 412
Meet Us!
0898 100 451

DOMINATE ME, DO ME ANYTHING NOW
0898 442 779

SPECIALS

DIRTY NOISES	0898 100 452
SEX YELLS	0898 100 454
HARD SHAVE	0898 100 455
YARD DOG	0898 100 472

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'WITHIN THE HOUR'

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FOR IMMEDIATE SERVICE!

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Run by women for men only

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LIVE 0272 227721

DIAL AN ORGASM

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WHY BOTHER?

To listen to a recording of some bird reading a script when you can really get off by listening in to live sex chats. We recorded the hottest. So listen...

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Two Girl Special	0898 442 777
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Gay talking to Gay	0898 442 198
Heavy Girl talking to Wimp	0898 442 187
TV Talking to Older Woman	0898 442 751
General Listening Line	0898 442 756

I'LL TALK DIRTY WHILE YOU DO IT

0898 362 575

GIRLS AVAILABLE NOW

Call now and one of our sexy girls will talk to you live

0898 442 775

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL

DO IT TO ME

OVER THE PHONE

0898 442 758

LISTEN IN

to sex conversations (you do not have to speak if you don't want to) three line system

DIAL 0898 THEN THE NO.s

GAY TALKING TO GAY
442 186

LESBIAN TALKING TO LESBIAN
442 746

BUTCH GIRL TALKING TO WIMP
442 759

GENERAL SEX LINE
442 741

NO nonsense NO run around

Sex phone girls who do sex talk for pleasure

0898 362 569

Home made recordings and live sex talk, where you can listen in. Many kinky specials and you can join the club if you want.

Playing By Myself	0898 442 191
Big Bang Line	0898 442 190
I'll Get It Out	0898 442 184
Horny College Girls	0898 442 740
Sucking Girls	0898 442 774
Blonde 20 Year Old	0898 442 752
With My Neighbour	0898 442 189
Three In A Bed	0898 442 772

I AM DOING IT WHILE YOU DO IT TOO!

0898 362 556

If engaged dial girls on call 24 hours

SPECIAL LISTENING LINE 0898 442 735

XXX CLIMAX

Let's Come Together	0898 442 182
Inside My Panties	0898 362 579
I'll Lick You All Over	0898 442 745
Let Me Suck You Dry	0898 442 754
Take Me From Behind	0898 442 188
Come Over My Boobs	0898 362 557
Short Skirt, No Knickers	0898 442 185
My Hand Gives Relief	0898 442 770

24 HOUR GAY TALK

JUST LISTEN IN

0898 442 748

DIRTY TALK

MATURE WOMEN ARE WAITING FOR YOU TO CALL, NO FEES CONTACT THEM ON 0898 362 573

CLASSIFIED LINE, P.O. BOX 358, CAMBRIDGE CB2 5EF. CALLS CHARGED AT 36p PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE & 48p PER MINUTE AT ALL OTHER TIMES.
NOTE - Some 0272 numbers may refer you to 0898 numbers.

When you dial you just activate the file number, live lines and European Specials

SEX PHONE CLASSIFIEDS

DAVINA
MILLINGTON

CLASSIFIED CLUB

Home made recordings and live sex talk, where you can listen in. Many kinky specials and you can join the club if you want.

Feeling Very Horny	0898 100 432 (E)
Randy Girls Talk	0898 100 432 (C)
Very Experienced At 50	0898 300 816 (B)
My Mouth Is Ready	0898 100 487 (A)
Oral Pleasure	0898 300 819 (D)
In My Mouth	0898 100 487 (E)
All The Way	0898 700 357 (B)
My Tongue Around It	0898 700 358 (C)
I'll Swallow It	0898 300 817 (B)
Girlie Oral Action	0898 700 357 (E)
Games And Special Toys	0898 300 814 (B)
Shower Lust	0898 300 813 (C)
Sixty-Nine Girls	0898 700 354 (E)
Sexual Fantasies	0898 700 357 (A)
Down On Each Other	0898 100 447 (B)
I'll Do It Till Satisfied	0898 700 357 (D)
On My Lap	0898 100 449 (A)
I'm Linda, I'm Naughty	0898 300 813 (B)
My Hand, Your Cheeks	0898 300 811 (E)
Bend Over, Take That	0898 700 358 (A)
My Bottom Is Bare	0898 300 817 (E)
My Black Stockings	0898 100 447 (C)
Silk Stockings & Suspenders	0898 100 487 (D)
Wet T-Shirt	0898 300 814 (A)
Bra Busting 42D	0898 300 817 (C)
You've Been Naughty	0898 300 818 (E)
Stocks & Bonds	0898 300 819 (B)
My Neighbour Joined In	0898 100 449 (D)

SEX FILE SPECIALS

Susan (18) 34-22-34. I'm looking for men aged 18–45 for afternoon fun and games, no fees, will travel, call 0898 300 816 (A)

Carrie (32) 36-24-36. I need men 18–60 to ease my sexual appetite – are you willing? Must be free afternoons/evenings. Call 0898 300 816 (D)

Sammy (21) 35-22-35. Hi, I'll mouth off to you until you are completely satisfied. No fees, call 0898 300 813 (A)

Linda (2) 38-24-38. Frustrated housewife looking for action with all types of men. Not fussy, no fees, call 0898 300 818 (B)

Hi, I want to mouth off to you until you have gone all the way on 0898 700 387 (E)

Sarah (18) 36-24-36. Let's mouth off to each other on the phone and get really turned on. Call me for complete satisfaction on 0898 100 432 (D)

Tina and Gina doing their stuff live. Older woman, younger girl – you'll be hot when you hear the panting of our pleasure on 0898 700 355 (D)

Kay (18) 42-24-36. Big boobs, bubbly personality wants to meet you for afternoon fun and games. Let's have a wacking good time. Call 0898 700 368 (B)

Niki (24) 35-24-35. Hi, I want to talk dirty to you until you are completely satisfied, let me be your phone affair. No fees at all, call 0898 700 387 (C)

Hi would you like to meet me for afternoon fun and games? No fees, will travel, call 0898 300 813 (D)

Sexually experienced lady requires virile men to act out fantasies with. No fees, will travel, direct contact on 0898 700 358 (B)

Midlands Swedish full body massage. Nothing held back, complete pleasure guaranteed. Will travel, 0898 700 354 (C)

Nympho Blonde girl (18) gives complete satisfaction on (no fees) 0898 700 354 (B)

Would you like to meet me for afternoon fun and games? Call 0898 300 811 (A)

SEX CONTACTS (for entertainment only)

Ladies in your area that just love sex. When you dial we will give you an area code and just say yes to your area. The following girls and housewives are samples that may be available in your area. If the sex contact dialled is not in your area, you can either find her by using the general service or we can give out details of a different sex contact of similar age, looks and sexual preferences. It's as easy as that, so get dialling.

Gill (24) 35-24-34. Hi, I want to meet men (18-50) for sexual pleasures! I'll teach you all I know. No fees at all, will travel, call 0898 300 811 (D)

Carole (36) 33-20-34. Slim, petite and very frustrated. I would like to meet men of any age for mutually benefitting afternoons. No fees at all, call 0898 300 813 (E)

Joan (37) 44-29-36. Plump housewife looking for adult entertainment, discretion assured. No fees at all, just pleasure, call 0898 100 447 (D)

Virgin girl needs an old man to give her sexual experience. Will accept anyone. Will travel to you. Call me on 0898 700 357 (C)

Live lesbian show pre-recorded and only on this number 0898 700 368 (E)

Lesbian massage with every extra imaginable. Very naughty very blue XXX rated has own car call me on 0898 100 447 (A)

Lesbian action all girl party recorded for your wet dreams. Love lesbians love their sex, call us on 0898 300 814 (C)

Male model wants to meet gays for live raw acts – explicit sexual demands. No charge. Call me on 0898 700 367 (D)

Horny wife wants to be yours for the day. No time wasters and no fees. Will travel, call 0898 700 368 (A)

Hi, I'll talk dirty to you until you are completely satisfied on 0898 300 819 (C)

I would like to give you a good seeing to with my rod. Screaming delight on 0898 100 432 (B)

Janet (28) 34-22-34. Let me talk dirty on the phone to you one on one for hot action that will make you scream with pleasure. No relationship. No fees at all, call 0898 300 818 (D)

Miss Stern wants to teach you how to be obedient! No fees, just pleasure from the rod-o-nine. Call me on 0898 100 487 (B)

Broadminded couple seek man and woman for group action. Are you interested? Will travel, call us on 0898 300 818 (A)

LIVE SEX RECORDINGS

Treat Me Like A Tart	0898 100 465 (E)
My Hand Will Satisfy	0898 700 367 (C)
Video Vixens	0898 700 387 (A)
Dirty Talk	0898 700 367 (E)
Rubber Clad Girl	0898 700 354 (D)
I Watched My Neighbour	0898 700 354 (A)
Licking Girls	0898 700 367 (B)
Swedish Nymphos Into 'O'	0898 300 811 (C)
Dutch Dykes Together	0898 700 358 (D)
Hot Danish Girls	0898 100 487 (C)
Try The Filipino Way	0898 700 367 (A)
Let Me Slide It In	0898 700 358 (E)
Tart Talks Dirty	0898 700 355 (C)
Playing With My Vibrator	0898 100 449 (B)
Unzip Your Jeans	0898 100 447 (E)

HORNY TALK GIRLS

I'm Jenny And I'm Playing Alone With My Sex Toys	0898 300 816 (E)
My Name's Sue, Let My Mouth Take It All	0898 700 368 (D)
Ring Me And I'll Strip So You Can Take Me	0898 300 817 (A)
Carol And Jane, Two Lesbians Playing With Each Other	0898 300 811 (B)
Why Don't You Let Me Slide It In	0898 700 355 (E)
Let's Do Some Humping And Bumping	0898 700 355 (A)
I'm Diana And I'll Go Down On You	0898 700 368 (C)
Let's Have Some Spanking Pleasure for Both Of Us	0898 300 814 (D)
Randy Mandy Will Lick It And Suck It For You	0898 300 816 (C)
Join Us At A Hot Lesbian Party	0898 700 355 (B)
My Name's Alice And My Fingers Are In My Panties	0898 100 432 (A)
Ring Me, My Hot Pink Lips Are Ready for You	0898 100 465 (A)
Let Me Explain My First Lesbian Experience	0898 300 814 (E)
Ring Tina, I'm Bound To Please	0898 100 465 (D)
I'm Julie And 42D, So Why Don't You Play With Me	0898 100 449 (C)

JACK ALONG RECORDINGS

My First Time	0898 700 387 (D)
Climax With Me	0898 100 465 (C)
Take Me, I'm Ready	0898 300 819 (E)
Oral Satisfaction	0898 300 818 (C)
French Oral	0898 300 819 (A)
Busty Blonde Excites	0898 700 387 (B)
Across The Desk	0898 100 449 (E)
In The Study	0898 100 465 (B)
Whacko	0898 300 817 (D)

SEX GAMES

Using our voice activated sex file system you can play sex games over the phone. All recordings are genuine and all sex acts were actually recorded on our memory bank. What's more, our girls will get you doing some real dirty stuff as well as you doing it to them. So get dialling.

Oral Adventure
(Have a bar of soap and a cup of warm water ready when you play this one) 0898 300 859 (D)

Slime Your Way Through The Erotic Maze
(You just need your wits for this one)

Strip And Bonk 0898 300 820 (B)
(This one has an unusual ending – have a piece of large paper with you, you'll see why)

Force Them To Do It 0898 300 820 (C)
(A domination game special, you can either use a loud voice or do it by tapping the phone with any object) 0898 300 859 (E)

Submission In The Dark
(Just be ready to be told what to do) 0898 300 820 (A)

Filthy Talk
(Prepare yourself for some shocks, you have to get behind her first and when you've done it, she talks dirty (3 girl option) 0898 300 857 (C)

Strange Ways
XXX rated 'bizzare line' game (o.k. for gays and transvestites, if you lose on 'payola' you may hear or have to do some weird things) 0898 300 820 (E)

Nobble The Virgin
(Another bar of soap and cup of warm water special) 0898 300 859 (A)

Wipe Out
(Just get the XXX formula right and you have a choice of three girls to suck you dry) (You can bring in a gay if you want) 0898 300 859 (B)

Domination Game Special
(If possible wear gloves when you play.) 0898 300 859 (C)

Oral Antics
(Have a bar of soap and a cup of warm water ready, when you dial.) 0898 300 820 (D)

Tell The Lesbians What To Do
(The louder you shout the more they do it to each other.) 0898 300 867 (C)

Find The Nympho
(If you can't find her, you get done by a gay.)

Strip Her, Then Have Her 0898 300 867 (A)
(You cover your girl on a sex test first, you can even have a gay.) 0898 300 857 (D)

Strange Ways
(Slime your way through the erotic maze.)

Three Way Wipe Out 0898 300 857 (A)
(If you loose you either get sucked dry, submit to our leather girl or take on three gays.)

Slime The Blonde 0898 300 857 (B)
(Another bar of soap and a cup of warm water special.) 0898 300 867 (D)

Jump The Tart
(If you loose you get a dose and your vitals rot before your eyes.) 0898 300 867 (B)

Fireside Poker
(You have ten poke choices, if you choose the wrong one you have to poke yourself, our girls will tell you how.) 0898 300 857 (E)

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C1

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POSTCODE ____________________

I am aware of the nature of these Videos and agree not to show them to minors. I am over 18.

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LINGERIE

Code	Description	Normally	NOW
L1	Sexy Baby Doll Set Sizzling night-time fun in a classic style	~~£15.00~~	£5.25
L2	Wet Look Posing Pouch Make the most of everything you've got	~~£10.00~~	£4.75
L3	Thong & Suspender Set Hot, hot, hot — highest quality	~~£10.00~~	£4.75
L4	Lacy Bra, Brief & Suspender Set Sex and romance rolled into one	~~£20.00~~	£7.50
L5	Seamed Stockings Sheer horny and classy	~~£2.00~~	£1.00
L6	Seamed Fishnet Stockings A classic — knock their socks off	~~£3.00~~	£1.50
L7	Body Stocking One-piece hot 'n' horny fun	~~£15.00~~	£4.75
L8	Wet Look Bra/Brief/Susp Set Just a touch kinky — very sexy!	~~£20.00~~	£9.45
L9	3 Pairs Open Crotch Panties What can I say!	~~£15.00~~	£5.95

SEX AIDS & NOVELTIES

Code	Description	Normally	NOW
A1	Worldwide Condom Pack Essential goodies for the adventurous lover	~~£20.00~~	£5.50
A2	Fruity Condoms × 20 Tasty addition to your lovelife	~~£7.00~~	£2.75
A3	Multi-coloured Condoms × 20 Put the colour back in your cheeks!	~~£7.00~~	£2.95
A4	Deluxe Massager Seven inches of good vibrations	~~£13.00~~	£3.75
A5	Deluxe Six-part Massager A multi-header for every nook and cranny	~~£25.00~~	£6.50
A6	Penis Developer Guarantees big-boy development in no time	~~£20.00~~	£4.95
A7	Double Vibrating Dildo A high-quality, two-finger vibe for stunning fun	~~£25.00~~	£6.25

PILLS & POTIONS

Code	Description	Normally	NOW
P1	Intimate Lubricant Non-staining, colourless, odourless luxury	~~£7.00~~	£2.75
P2	Famous Spanish Fly Drops The ultimate liquid aphrodisiac	~~£13.00~~	£4.50
P3	Famous Spanish Fly Cream Pure aphrodisiac power in luxury cream	~~£13.00~~	£4.25
P4	Liebeszucker Europe's strongest love-sugar aphrodisiac	~~£9.00~~	£3.25
P5	Delay Spray For Men Allows you to keep on going all night	~~£13.00~~	£3.75
P6	Intimate Oriental Massage Oil Begin your night of lust with class and luxury	~~£10.00~~	£3.75
P7	Male Pheromone Spray Attracts women like bees to a honey pot!	~~£15.00~~	£5.95
P8	Lady Bliss Cream Takes every lady to new heights of sexual pleasure	~~£7.00~~	£2.75
P9	Famous Spanish Fly Capsules Gives you the lust of a young stallion	~~£13.00~~	£3.75
P10	Male Stop Stop Cream Keeps you in control as long as you want	~~£9.00~~	£2.50

MAGS, BOOKS & VIDEOS

Code	Description	Normally	NOW
M1	Mega Contact Mag Pack Direct access to direct adult action	~~£25.00~~	£3.95
M2	Explicit Hard Adult Mag Pack Hardest Continental action in full colour	~~£30.00~~	£4.95
M3	Uncertificated Video Sampler European, uncertificated, explicit porn *VHS only*	~~£49.95~~	£4.95
M4	Full-length Explicit Adult Video Full-length, high quality and explicit *VHS only*	~~£39.95~~	£3.95
M5	"One For The Ladies" Mag Pack Big, big boys in uncensored poses	~~£20.00~~	£3.95
M6	The Manual Of Safe Sex Full colour, fascinating — an adult *MUST!*	~~£15.00~~	£3.25
M7	Advanced Sexual Positions An essential guide for every sexually-active adult	~~£15.00~~	£3.75

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FIONA COOPER

C 1

Louisa

Photographs by Denys DeFrancesco

Louisa's proud to admit that she's a flirt when it comes to the opposite sex, and she claims to be able to chat up and seduce any man she chooses. Not surprising really, when you see her olive skin, mouth-watering figure and come-to-bed eyes for yourself.

"If I see a bloke I fancy, I'll flash my eyes at him, throw my hair back and then walk over and talk to him," reveals the Brazilian-born beauty. Louisa, who works as a tourist guide in her home town of Rio de Janeiro, must have tourists'

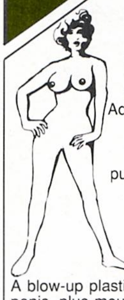
heads turning all the time.

"I prefer the quiet, gentle type myself," she confesses. "But there aren't that many about. Or perhaps they're too shy to chat me up!"

Oh, we doubt that, Louisa! ♣

WE AIM TO PLEASE

SUPERIA SUPER SAVERS



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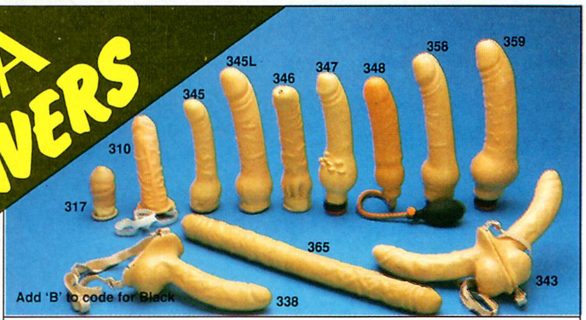

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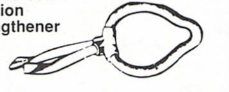

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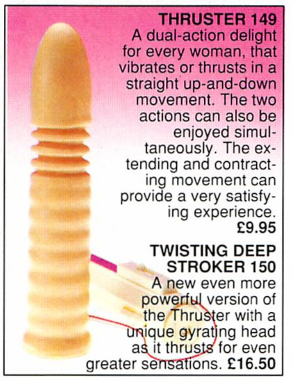

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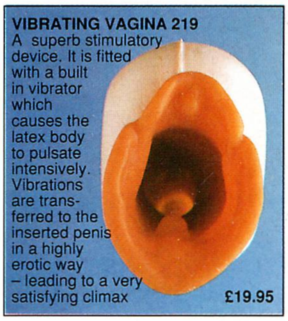

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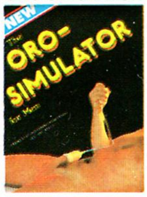

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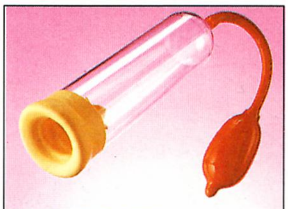

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JOANNE

Twenty-one-year-old Joanne hasn't always been the curvy girl you can see here. "I didn't grow any boobs until I was 18," she says. "I was totally flat-chested, so I assumed I'd never have a bust at all. Then suddenly these lovely boobs sprouted in what seemed like days. I haven't stopped playing with them since!

"The funny thing is that they became more sensitive as they grew. They really didn't do anything for me when I was younger, but now I only have to run my fingers over my nipples and I'm turned on. I do play with myself a lot — what girl doesn't? — but now I find I don't have enough

Photographs by Jack Harrison

hands! I need one for each nipple and one for my pussy. So I have to get one or two blokes to help me out. Ideally I'd have a guy sucking each nipple, while I play with my pussy in front of them... that hasn't happened yet, but a girl can dream!" ♣

COMING IN club

What a catch!

Why is Angelica covered in a fishing net? Will we finally kill that duff motoring column? Can the Production Editor keep off the booze? Could your letters to us get any filthier? Where do we find all these incredible girls, and can we possibly produce another issue which is even sexier than the last? These and many other questions will be answered in the next sparkling, fizzy, flameproof issue of Club! (But by the way, the answer to the last one is — yes.)♣

Volume 21 Number 8
On sale July 16th

IN THE BAG

continued from page 41

to show off, and on this occasion they were screaming to be released from her little halter top. Rick is a big guy with a muscular body, and as you can imagine they are a good-looking couple — as are Michelle and myself. Michelle is tall with brown hair, cute little tits and legs men would kill for.

The wine was flowing and Michelle had drunk more than I realised because out of nowhere she said to Helen, "I wish I had tits like yours."

Everyone was shocked but Helen smiled and said "Well I think you have a great body."

Michelle responded, "I like my body but I know Dean would love me to have tits like yours."

"Why?" asked Helen.

"You really want to know? Because he'd like to shove his cock between them, that's why!"

That's exactly how their conversation went. You don't forget something like that in a hurry! I was staggered — I knew Michelle had been drinking, but this was outrageous even so.

Helen wasn't fazed, though. She looked at Rick who gave her an approving smile. Then she stood up, took off her top, showed us her titties. "How do you like them in the flesh, Dean?" she said with a smile.

But that was just the start. Next she slid out of her shorts, revealing that she wasn't wearing any panties. I love Michelle and I think she has a great body but standing in front of me completely naked was possibly the perfect woman, so of course my cock sprung to full attention.

Helen walked over and took my shirt off with help from Michelle, before pulling my trousers off to show that my cock was standing at full attention. What she said next blew me away. "Michelle, if Dean wants to try out a big pair of tits then maybe you'd like to try out a big cock."

I looked over and standing there with his trousers around his ankles was Rick. His cock must have measured eight inches and was very thick. Within a second Michelle was on her knees trying to get his big pole in her mouth while undressing herself!

It was obvious that she was enjoying herself; I could see her pussy was glistening with juices and watching this made me feel even hornier.

Fortunately just at that point Helen took my cock in her mouth, which felt like heaven as it was obvious she'd had a lot of practice on Rick's tool. She took me right to the back of her throat, then pulled back, sucking hard all the way, until she could swirl her tongue around my knob. Talk about technique!

I was enjoying her lips wrapped around my prick so much, so when she pulled away I moaned my disapproval. "Don't worry," said Helen. "We're going to keep on having fun!" With that she lay down on her back and told me to climb on top of her.

Helen pulled me up so my cock was rubbing the tips of her erect nipples. "Your cock feels so wonderful against my breasts, doesn't it?" she teased, and I could barely nod my head as she took it in between her titties and squeezed them tightly around it like a cocoon.

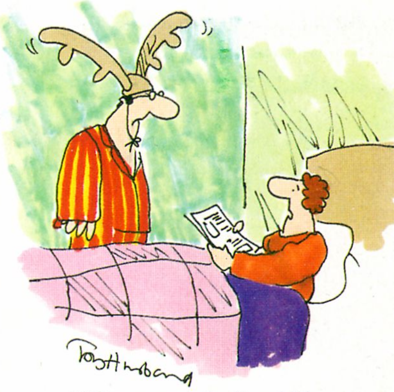
It felt different from anything else I had ever experienced, and was possibly as nice as fucking inside Michelle's pussy — if not nicer! My tool was covered in Helen's saliva, which gave a little lubrication — but not too much! Her large boobs covered my cock completely, and soon I was thrusting away hard as she tweaked her nipples.

"I think... I'm going... to..." I began to say, but it was too late. I pulled my cock out from between her mounds and spunk shot through the air, landing with a splatter on her face and neck. Helen's tongue licked up any spunk that was close to her mouth, then wiped the rest up with her fingers and licked them.

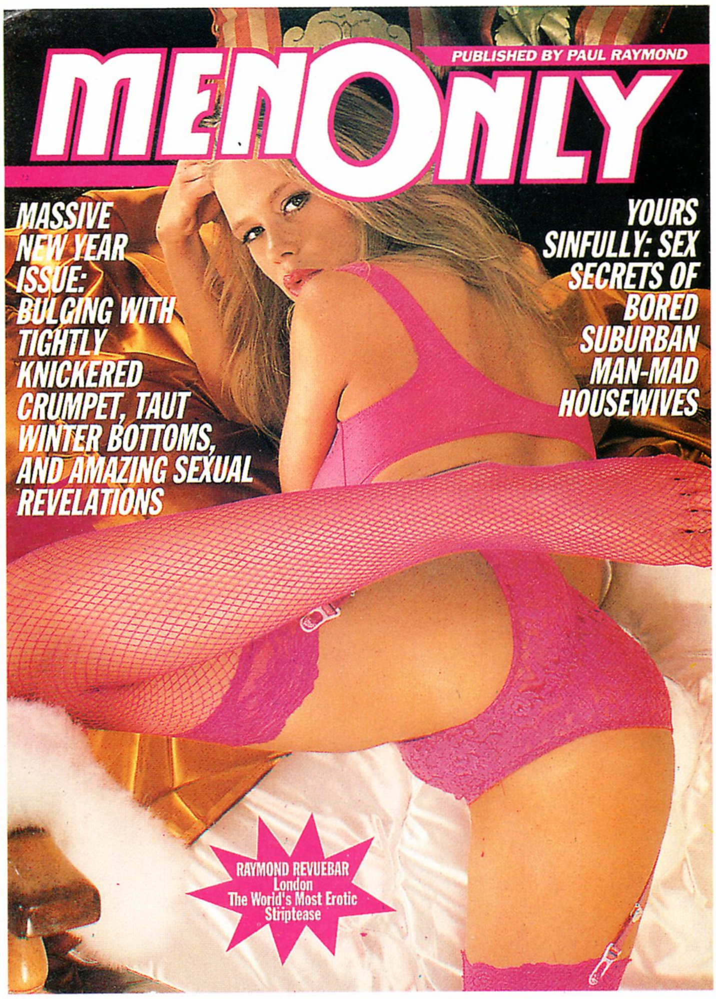
I looked over and Michelle had got on her hands and knees while Rick was behind her, slamming his cock in her wet cunt and gripping her arse with both hands. Her firm boobs shook as he fucked her, and she was biting her lip to stop herself crying out. When she saw me looking she moaned out, "Christ I'm going to come! Fuck me hard, Rick! Fuck my cunt hard!"

Rick was eager to comply and by the way he was fucking her it looked as if he was trying to squeeze his balls in too! Helen spread her legs and wanked herself as she watched them, and I just sat there, watching our usual lovers give each other a *lot* of pleasure. The climax came when Rick gave Michelle one last long hard thrust and she practically screamed the house down while he swore every obscenity under the sun.

When Rick pulled his cock out, spunk, mixed with Michelle's juice, poured out of her pussy. Helen and Rick stayed all that night, and a lot of fucking went on. Hopefully they'll be coming round to visit again, though Michelle and I are still fucking madly to the memories! — *Dean, Poole* ♣



"Oh not tonight Gerald"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